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SPRING SONG.

Come, love, come to the fragrant wood,
Where the laurel lifts its bursting bud,
And the opening leaves of the rustling trees,
Lend odors sweet to the balmy breeze
That sighs in music past.

Come love, come to the grassy lea,
Where the murmurous soft of the drowsy bee,
And the moist, warm air and early flowers,
Woo the soul to rest through the gliding hours
Of the first bright days of spring.

Haste love, haste for the sky is clear,
And the lark from the sunny field I hear,
His soul in his song soars up above;
My soul is fast in the bonds of love
To this sweet, warm earth of ours.

MILES CHRISTIAN.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

FINISHED.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
—*Dryden.*

When Jasper Onslow told Doris Carlyon he would finish his work, wild thoughts of revenge were filling his heart. He would complete his picture, gather all his friends to wonder at its beauty, and the skill which had transferred it to canvas, and then—ah, what then? He hardly knew. Mad thoughts of killing her, himself, some one, he hardly knew who, rose within his fevered imagination as he worked alone hour after hour in the lonely pavilion in the garden of Kingcolm Grange.

But as he worked his thoughts all set at last into one channel, and he planned what he would do. He would wait till the picture was returned from the academy, and hung up in its place in the grand old drawing-room, where the light fell so splendidly, and then he would come to the Grange once more, have one more last interview with its mistress—she would not refuse him that small favor—and then he would kill her there before his handiwork.

The light should fall splendidly on her, too, as she lay there bleeding, dying—for he would take care there should be none to help or hear her.

Of himself he never thought—a man in that phase of madness has little personal feeling—monomania concentrates itself on one idea alone, and Jasper Onslow was a monomaniac of the worst kind during those wretched days.

And in the meantime the picture grew under his fingers—a thing of exquisite beauty and life—and the fair face of Doris Carlyon looked down from the canvas with a voluptuous softness in the great dark eyes, and a sweet smile upon the full red lips enough to have turned the brain of a stronger man than the poor artist whom she had driven mad by her witcheries.

He would admit no one to his studio. Not a creature ever saw his work from the hour when he found out that Doris Carlyon was weary of him and his adoration; but he finished it, nevertheless, and could have fallen down like the sculptor of old and worshipped his own handiwork.

"She is lovely," he muttered, as he looked at it with staring eyes, brightened and enlarged by fever. "A lovely demon; but she will work no more mischief—no more—no more! Ha! another touch to the shadow behind that hand. If I deepen it, it will stand out more clearly still."

One or two persons who passed the pavilion that night heard him muttering and laughing to himself, and thought it would be a very good thing when the mad artist was gone from the Grange.

Jasper Onslow spent two days in touching up his picture, and then sent to tell Doris Carlyon that his work was done, and that he was ready to go.

"It is really quite a load off my mind," that lady said, as she tripped across the lawn to the pavilion in a fresh morning dress, adorned with knots of crimson ribbon. "I began to think he was going mad on our hands."

"He is mad, I think."

"Really, Muriel, what an uncomfortable thing to say. If he is, so much the better for us that he is going. I am very sorry for my part that I ever yielded to his fancy for painting me. It has entailed a deal of trouble and annoyance."

"And expense," put in Mrs. Bellew. The worthy lady had an eye for the main chance, and was very considerate of her niece's pocket. "Just look at all the furniture for that place, and the artist's rubbish that you have paid for. I think it a sinful waste of money myself."

"Well, I don't," said Doris, gayly; "and 'may the difference of opinion never alter friendship,' as the old women say. As well spend money that way as any other. It was very pleasant as long as Mr. Onslow kept his senses, and I shall have a glorious picture for my pains. I quite long to see it hanging in the long drawing-room."

Jasper Onslow met the three ladies at the door of the pavilion, and startled them one and all by his haggard, restless look.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Bellew. "I hope you have not taken cold or been working too hard."

"Or dissipating too much," Doris Carlyon said, carelessly. "Gentlemen of your profession do smoke and drink a good deal, do they not?"

Muriel Chisholm saw how he shrank from the words as though they had given him a keen physical pang, and her great eyes filled with pitying tears.

THE PAVILION AT KINGCOLM—JASPER'S DESPAIR.

"How can she?" she murmured, passionately. Then aloud to the artist. "I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Mr. Onslow."

"Ill, Miss Chisholm?"

"Yes, you look very ill—quite worn out. You have knocked yourself up, I am afraid."

"Not I. I was never better, I assure you—never fitter for my work. I have been at it without stopping for two days and nights—and but that the time is up, I could go on for a week."

"How wrong of you," said Doris, placidly. "You should not tamper with your health in that way."

"Should I not? What does it matter? The public don't care so that the eye is pleased; an artist's patrons don't care though he dies in an effort to make a thing of beauty for them to admire; but you are wrong in fancying I am ill—quite wrong."

"I am glad to hear it; and you are wrong in fancying we don't care whether you are ill or well. I care very much."

"Don't tell me so—don't say it. Don't look at me with eyes like that, or I shall forget myself again, and go back to the besotted fool I was once."

"He is mad," whispered Doris Carlyon to Muriel, as she shrank back, a little awed by the artist's fierce looks. "Very mad. I am half afraid to go in."

Muriel shrugged her shoulders with a contemptuous gesture, and stepped a little forward.

"Will you not show us the picture, Mr. Onslow?" she asked. "You are not very hospitable to keep us standing outside all this time."

"I beg your pardon," he said, throwing the door wide open. "Walk in, pray. You will not see the picture—it is packed up for sending off."

"Packed up?"

"Yes."

"Then, what on earth did you bring us here for?" Doris Carlyon asked, angrily.

"To let you see I really was going," he replied, in a bitter tone; "to satisfy you that you would be bored by my presence here no more."

He ushered them in as he spoke, and drew up the blind to let them see the desolation of the place. A huge packing-case stood at one end of the room, securely nailed up, and the floor was strewn with torn papers and broken articles of artist use.

Every sketch, every finished drawing that Jasper Onslow had made during his stay at Kingcolm Grange, lay there in a confused heap of shreds and tatters; every brush, palette, and tube of paint that he had touched in the execution of his work was there, crushed and trampled so that no trace might remain of him or his work.

"You will have no unpleasant memories of me, you see," he said, pointing to the heap. "When the servants have burnt the rubbish, Miss Carlyon, this place will be quite ready for your next protegé."

"How absurd," she said, "and very unkind of you too, Mr. Onslow. I should have prized some of those little sketches very much—and so would Muriel, I am sure."

Muriel made no answer; but she had stooped and possessed herself of a tiny sketch which had escaped the general wreck, and fluttered into a corner. It was only a study of two heads—her own and her mistress's—but the likenesses were singularly truthful, and the coloring was perfect. She slipped it into her pocket unseen while Doris Carlyon and Mrs. Bellew were remonstrating loudly with the artist for packing up his picture.

"It's all nonsense," Doris said. "It can be easily unpacked again, and I want to see it."

"It is impossible."

"Impossible!"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"For a small reason, madam—it is my will."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. No eye shall see my picture till it shines forth in the light on the Academy walls. There will not be one there like it."

"You do not think meanly of your own work, Mr. Onslow."

"I do not. I know that your portrait, Miss Carlyon, will make all England ring with your fame and mine. I have only lived to see it in its place—the one you have selected for it, in the great drawing-room yonder—and then—"

"And what then, Sir Artist?"

"The end will come," he said, in such a solemn tone that Muriel Chisholm shivered as she heard it.

"What can he mean?" she asked herself. "Can they not see that he is mad?"

Apparently not, Doris began again without noticing what he had said.

"But about the picture, Mr. Onslow. It is all nonsense to tell me that I cannot see it. I must—I will."

"You will not, Miss Carlyon."

"I tell you I will. I have a right to it—it is mine."

"Not yet."

"How?"

"It is mine till it passes out of my keeping into yours. The time will come, never fear. I have lived for that moment, lady."

"You mean, I suppose, that the picture is not mine till I have paid for it?" she said, haughtily. "I do not carry a checkbook in my pocket, Mr. Onslow, or I would make payment on the spot. You shall have the money within an hour. And now be good enough to send for some one and have that case opened. I have no fancy for looking upon myself for the first time in the vulgar rabble of the Academy exhibition."

"I will not touch your money till I bring the picture home here for the last time, and you shall not see it now. Are you answered, Doris Carlyon?"

"Most completely," she said, turning away. "I am sorry you sent for me, if it was only to insult me, Mr. Onslow. I wish you a very good morning."

She walked away, and the artist turned on his heel and shut himself into his studio. Muriel Chisholm alone heard the low, wild laugh that echoed through the room, and shuddered as she thought of what might happen when he was left there alone.

But nothing dreadful came to pass. A servant brought the key of the pavilion to his mistress that afternoon, with a message that Mr. Onslow had taken the picture to London by the express, and it seemed a tremendous relief to Doris to know that it was so.

"Thank goodness," she said, "I hope we shall hear no more of him. I have half a mind to throw the picture on his hands altogether. It would serve him right after his strange conduct."

The day before the opening of the Academy the three ladies sat alone at their early breakfast.

"I really think I shall go to town to-morrow," Doris said, as she toyed with her last cup of chocolate. "I'm more curious than I cared to acknowledge to see my portrait. Without any egotism I may say it was lovely the last time I saw it."

"That it was, my dear," feebly croaked Mrs. Bellew.

It was her vocation to admire and uphold her niece in everything. She was almost dependent on her for bread, quite so for comforts and luxuries, and though she thought her brother's daughter a very strange girl, she accepted her position with great thankfulness. It was a great change from the home of a very poorly jointured widow to the pleasant life at the Grange, and she appreciated it accordingly.

"We could all go up," said Doris, pursuing the subject, "by the afternoon express. I will send Baron on before to get us rooms at Long's, and we could be early at the exhibition to-morrow. I rather like the fun of a crush."

She knew perfectly that her handsome face and the perfect likeness of the portrait would make her the cynosure of all eyes, and she liked to be admired. Muriel and Mrs. Bellew acquiesced, as it was their duty to do, and she rang the bell.

The servant who answered it brought in the letter bag and the morning papers.

"Tell Baron I want him," she said to the man. "No letters for me this morning? Yes, one from Mr. M'Crome, R.A. Ah, of course that's to tell me about the hanging of the picture. Muriel, dear, here's the Telegraph for you. Auntie, here's a pious-looking letter, marked 'Granta Vicarage' on the back. Tell Baron to make haste, James. I want him at once."

CHAPTER V.

DORIS CARLYON'S PORTRAIT.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn—
Something with passion clasp or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
—*Longfellow.*

Doris Carlyon read her letter, and a frown gathered upon her face.

"What is the matter, my dear?" Mrs. Bellew asked.

"We needn't go to town," she replied, "that is all."

"Why not?"

"The picture is worthless, it seems—not fit for admission to the exhibition."

"Not fit?"

"So Mr. M'Crome says. But, there, you may read his letter. It need not be private—there's nothing in it."

"Not fit for exhibition," Muriel murmured, in amazement. "It seems incredible, does it not, Miss Carlyon? When we saw it last it was perfect."

"To our eyes, doubtless; but we are no judges, it seems. They are evidently terribly fastidious on that same hanging committee. But give Muriel the benefit of the letter, auntie. She is all curiosity."

There was not much in the academician's letter, but it was sufficiently provoking.

"Burlington House, April 29th, 18—

"My Dear Miss Carlyon—I must just snatch a moment in all the hurry of to-day's business to drop you a line. There must have been some grand mistake about the artist you recommended so strongly to my good offices. This picture—if such a daub can be dignified by that name—is utterly worthless. Whether the young man has been trying to ape Turner or Martin in the production of grand effects by senseless splotches of color, or whether he be, as I fancy, insane, I cannot tell. I think you have been imposed upon, and I am sorry for your sake that I could not help you. I did not see the young man myself, though I was present when the picture arrived; but I understand he made quite a scene when he was informed of his failure. Trusting that you are well, and that I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you in town, believe me, faithfully yours,

"Julius M'Crome.

"Miss Carlyon, Kingcolm Grange, Warwickshire."

"What can it mean?" said Doris, when Mrs. Bellew put the letter down. "What can he have done to it? When we saw it last the likeness was perfect and the dress beautiful. I think Mr. M'Crome is a spiteful old grumbler, and he might have let it in if he chose. What are you staring and blinking in that way at, Muriel? You know as well as I do that the picture was perfect."

"Was—yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I think Mr. Onslow was driven mad, and spoiled it himself."

"Driven mad! He was mad all the time he was here, I think. Spoiled it! Why should he spoil it? He had to receive a little fortune for painting it. He would hardly harm it."

"I suspect this is the true version of the affair," said Muriel, pointing to a column of the paper she had been reading. "There is a much fuller account of it here than Mr. M'Crome has thought fit to send you."

"There—in the newspaper."

"Yes."

"Names and all?"

"Not yours," she replied, with a curl of her red lips. "You are only spoken of as a beautiful heiress. As far as you are concerned you are safe—in this paper, at least—from any scandal. Only Mr. Onslow's name is given."

"That's some comfort, anyhow," said Miss Carlyon. "Only the other papers may not be so polite. But read it, Muriel. Let us hear what really has happened to my poor portrait."

And Muriel Chisholm read, in a cold, clear voice, without one trace of emotion, the story of what had happened to Jasper Onslow and his picture.

It was headed "Singular Fiasco," and was a penny-a-liner's report, but evidently true.

"A curious case of the pranks which an overwrought brain will play has just occurred in connection with the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy. A young artist, hitherto unknown to fame, sent in a picture of portentous size for the exhibition. The young gentleman is a protegé of Julius M'Crome, Esq., R.A., and great things were expected from him. Reports were rife about him and his wonderful ability, and the picture, which is the portrait of a wealthy heiress of great beauty, was said to be one of the best things of the season. The case was not opened till almost the last thing before the hanging was done; but the picture was found to be a mass of lines of every imaginable color—nothing more. The figure, which was full-length, is completely painted out, nothing remaining but the face, which competent judges pronounce to be of singular beauty and finished with rare skill. The opinion of those interested is that Mr. Onslow, becoming overworked, lost the power of discerning color, and so painted out his own work. Such cases have been known before now, but they are happily rare. The unfortunate artist would seem to have been in the first stage of a fever, for upon hearing the, of course, unfavorable opinion of the committee, he burst into a passion of fury and disappointment, accusing those about him of having wilfully injured his work, and finally fell into a fit, and was removed to his lodgings where he lies dangerously ill. The painting is in the studio of Mr. M'Crome, who has allowed a few of his friends to see the strange effect produced by an overtired brain."

"How very disagreeable," was the comment of Doris Carlyon. "Is that all, Muriel?"

"Is it not enough? Are you not satisfied with your handiwork?"

"Mine!"

"Yes, yours!"

"What have I to do with it? Are you mad, too, that you talk such nonsense?"

"I am not talking nonsense, Miss Carlyon. That Jasper Onslow is mad he owes to you. You lured him on, and encouraged him to hope that he might be more some day to you than the paid artist you employed to paint you. I am not mad, Mrs. Bellew; but I can keep silence no longer, even if your niece turns me out of doors for my plain speaking."

"You are mad!" Doris exclaimed. "I never encouraged that poor fool any more than others. If he was crazy enough to fancy my looks and words meant more than they did, I was not to blame, I suppose."

"Not to blame, when I saw you let him take a kiss from your lips—when I heard you bid him never despair in your boudoir yonder. Oh, Miss Carlyon, you have lovers in plenty, could you not leave this one poor heart alone?"

"For you, I suppose. Your sudden, and, I must say, vulgar championship of a man of whom you know nothing can have but one meaning. I can only suppose you to be in love with this vagabond artist yourself, from the monstrous assertions you make regarding me."

"Vagabond he is none," said Muriel, with flashing eyes; "and if you will have the truth, I do love him."

"I thought so."

"Love him so that I would lay down my life for him, if need be. I am not ashamed of my love now that he is broken down, ill, and perhaps alone. An hour ago, before I knew to what your wiles had brought him, I would have died rather than have spoken such words. I glory in them now."

Doris Carlyon rose and languidly arranged the bows of ribbon at her wrists.

"Really, such a grand passion must be very fatiguing," she said. "Excuse me, if I hint that it is hardly interesting to any but the object of it—hardly that, in this instance, I am afraid. I had no idea I was entertaining such a romantic young lady in my house. Your prosaic duties about me must have been very irksome, I am afraid."

"My duties were a pleasure, Miss Carlyon, till—"

"Till what?"

"Till I saw how you were playing with a noble, sensitive heart."

"In other words, till you fell in love with Mr. Jasper Onslow. He ought to be very much flattered by your partisanship. Like all women in love, you glorify the object of your passion, and invest him with all sorts of wonderful attributes. I never saw anything particularly noble or sensitive about the painter, did you, auntie?"

"Mr. Onslow was a very nice young man, my dear," the old lady replied, fidgeting uncomfortably with her cap strings. "But what does Muriel mean by saying you let him kiss you, and promised to marry him? I hope you did not go as far as that. I am shocked to have such a thing hinted at."

And so she was. She was a tremendous stickler for propriety, the worthy lady; and it was an awful thing to hear of such wickedness as a kiss between a man and a woman, and that woman her niece, the beautiful Doris Carlyon.

Doris laughed softly, but she did not turn her head nor lift her eyes from her wrists.

"Did you ever know me commit myself in such an absurd way, you dear old auntie?"

"No, my dear; but—"

"Did you ever see anything in my conduct which led you to believe I was in love with that man?"

"Certainly not."

"Then believe her story if you can. Was I, the mistress of this house, likely to fall into the arms of a strolling painter, as she declares I did, and bid him hope some day to be the master of Kingcolm Grange? You have taken leave of your senses, Muriel Chisholm, to imagine such nonsense."

"I have not taken leave of my senses," said the girl, coldly. "I saw what I have said, and I know that the shock of finding your love was a lie drove Jasper Onslow mad. If he dies, Doris Carlyon, his death will lie at your door."

"What nonsense! Don't believe her, aunt. I tell you it is a lie. A lie, do you hear, Muriel Chisholm? A woman madly in love with a man who does not care for her will do anything, say anything, in her frantic ravings. Come away, auntie. I will not stay here longer to be insulted by her."

"Dear me, dear me," whimpered Mrs. Bellew, "it is very shocking. Muriel, my dear, you should not say such things; you shouldn't, really. See how grieved dear Doris is. Say you are sorry, and make it up with her, there's a good girl."

"I regret to have grieved Miss Carlyon," Muriel said, proudly; "but I have spoken nothing but the truth. Do not leave the room for me, I beg. I will relieve you from my presence at once and forever. I have to thank you for much generosity and kindness, Miss Carlyon. Some day, when you know what it is to love, and to see those you love suffer from the merciless cruelty of another, you will understand what I feel now."

She left the room as she spoke, and they heard her retreating footsteps die away in the corridor.

"Really, I shall have to part with her," Doris said, when she was gone. "When people of that sort once begin to give themselves airs they become unbearable."

"She said she would leave the house."

"So she may for a walk; but she will come back again. Muriel Chisholm likes the good things of this life too well to give them up lightly."

"Do you think this wretched story about the painter is true?"

"I daresay it is. I shall write to Mr. M'Crome, and ask him to find him out and see that he wants for nothing if he is ill. I am vexed about the picture; but perhaps it is a judgment on me for wanting to depose grandmamma from her place on the wall yonder."

Muriel Chisholm did not come down to luncheon, and the servant sent in search of her announced that her room was empty, and her boxes all packed and corded. A note to Doris Carlyon lay on the dressing-table, desiring they might be sent to Paddington station.

Muriel was gone, and Kingcolm Grange saw her no more.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME."

Alas, the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.
—*Byron.*

By one of the odd coincidences which sometimes happen, Ernest Dormer was close at hand when Jasper Onslow learned the fate of his unlucky picture. The newspaper story was true. He had been stricken with fever upon hearing of his failure, and had been carried away insensible.

It was to Ernest Dormer's kindness and forethought that he owed his removal straight home to his comfortless lodgings in a back room of a huge old house in Villiers street, Strand. He called a cab and had him put in, whereas no one else would have done more than wait his getting sufficiently well to be helped outside the door.

Mr. M'Crome was not present. Most likely he had purposely absented himself from what he knew would prove a disagreeable scene.

"Do you know him, Mr. Dormer?" one of the gentlemen in the room asked.

"Well not much, and what I do know I don't particularly like; but I pity him from my heart."

"For this astounding fiasco?"

"No; for the cause of it."

"You know it, then?"

"I do."

"May we know it too? What is at the bottom of such a strange muddle? for there's no doubt the fellow can paint. The face is a marvel of beautiful treatment, and shows unmistakable genius."

"What is at the bottom of every piece of mischief under the sun? A woman! Curse her for her handiwork, say I!"

"You know her, then?"

"I do. Don't question me further, gentlemen. It is this poor fellow's secret, not mine. A woman's hand dealt the blow that struck him into madness. I know it as well as though I had been by his side and seen and heard all that passed between them."

Villiers street, Strand, is not a particularly pleasant locality, nor are the attics of the dingy houses the most lively places in the world to live in, and it was to one of these that a card in Jasper Onslow's pocket directed Ernest Dormer to drive.

The rattle of the cab wheels brought the landlady to the door in her own proper person. Her head was adorned with a portentous lace cap with fluttering pink ribbons, and her portly person was arrayed in a black silk dress of prodigious rustle and stiffness.

The sight of the recumbent figure in the cab stirred up her wrath as a scarlet cloak is said to stir up the ire of an ill-tempered bull.

"Not in here, sir, not in here, if you please," she said, barring the entrance to her dingy house with the air of a ruffled turkey. "I will have no drunken persons across my threshold, I can assure you."

"Drunk, ma'am—nonsense!" Ernest Dormer said. "It's no such thing. Let me pass, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, whoever you may be, and I don't know, and don't want to," the irate landlady said; "but this house is mine, and I've put up with Mr. Onslow long enough. I don't know as I'd let him in if he could walk straight, even if he came with the money he owes me in his hand; but dead drunk, it never shall be said as I harbored him."

"If he dies at your door, woman, I'll have you indicted for manslaughter. If he owes you money, the only way to get it is to let him in. If you send him away, you will never see it. I assure you he is not drunk. He has had a great shock, and has fainted away. Allow me to take him to his room, if you please."

"Four pounds ten shillings he owes me for this last time," the landlady said, "and a bill as was standing last year. Who's to make it good to me if he comes here and has an illness, I should like to know?"

"What is the rent of his room?"

"Fifteen shillings, and cheap at that when you consider the climbing stairs, and the waiting on he wants. I'm sure the girl's time is all taken up with him, and me with the other sets of lodgers in the house, and—"

"That will do. Let me pass in, if you please, Mrs.—a—a—"

"Henderson, and I'm not ashamed of my name; my lodgings are well known."

"Then I will be responsible for Mr. Onslow's rent until he is well enough to take his affairs into his own hands again, which I hope will not be a long time. Here is a fortnight's money in advance, and you will be kind enough to see that he is properly attended to."

Mrs. Henderson changed her tone at the sight of the money, and assured Ernest Dormer that she bore the poor dear gentleman no ill will, not she, and that she would do all that she could for him, but that being a lone widow, &c., &c., to all which Grade Mr. Dormer paid very little attention.

He assisted Jasper Onslow to bed in the miserable garret, which was declared to be cheap at fifteen shillings a week, and then went in search of the landlady.

"Mr. Onslow is very ill," he said. "I will send in a doctor, and some one to take care of him. In the meantime, you had better watch him."

"I will, sir."

"And take no notice of what he says. I think he is delirious."

"Lord, sir, no—folks do say queer things when they are off their heads. May I make so bold as to ask whether you know anything about his picture? I'm to have my money when the lady pays him for it."

"I know nothing but that it was sent to the Academy," Mr. Dormer said, evasively. "I'll send a nurse, Mrs. Henderson, as soon as possible."

But a nurse was not so easy to find. A doctor came, and pronounced Jasper Onslow to be in the first stage of a brain fever. He recommended quiet, and said he could send a nurse in two days' time, if Mrs. Henderson and her servant could manage for that time without one.

"He won't want much doing for him," he said. "Keep him quiet and cool—that is the main thing. I don't believe he'll live a week," he said to Ernest Dormer. "If he does, he'll be an idiot, in all probability."

The next day passed, and the next, and Ernest Dormer went in the evening of the second to inquire how the artist was getting on. As he drew near the house, he saw a closely-veiled lady talking to the landlady on the door-step. After a short parley she was admitted, and as she stepped in she turned her head, and the waning light fell upon her more fully.

"Gracious heaven!" he murmured to himself, "it's Muriel Chisholm!"

Mrs. Henderson came out of her sanctum to speak to him.

"The poor gentleman's much about the same," she said; "but the nurse has never come. It's just like them nurses. They're that independent there's no trusting them."

"Then what will you do?"

"Well, I sha'n't trouble about it, for luckily the young gentleman's sister—"

"His sister?"

"Yes—has just come. She has come from the country, she says, and will nurse him, so all the trouble's off my hands as long as the rent's paid. She seems a pleasant young girl enough, though she's brought no luggage but a little bag in her hand. She says she came off in such a hurry when she heard of his illness she didn't stop to bring them."

"I will see that she has them, Mrs. Henderson, I daresay she did come off in a hurry."

"Then you know her, sir? I didn't know Mr. Onslow had a sister. He never mentioned her, and he talked freely enough about his family too."

"I do not know her personally; I have heard of—of the young lady," he replied, in confusion, hardly knowing what to say. "I know where she has come from, and that she must have plenty of luggage, if you felt any doubt on that score, madam."

"Well, you see, sir, one must be careful. There are so many impostors going about. Not that I thought the young lady one—oh, dear no! She's quite the lady, I assure you."

"I know she is."

"Would you like to see her, sir?"

"Not to-night. She will be flurried and upset."

"That she is, sir; she was all of a tremble like."

"Then be kind enough not to mention my name to her at all."

"Certainly not, sir."

"A sweetheart, I'll be bound," was Mrs. Henderson's comment, as Ernest Dormer strode away, "and a fine, handsome couple they'll make. Don't know her, don't he? Ah, it's very well to talk, but I saw him start when I said Mr. Onslow's sister was come. Well, I needn't be afraid for my money for a week or two. She'd enough in her purse to keep 'em going for awhile."

She did not tell Ernest Dormer that her scruples about the truth of Muriel's statement had vanished at the sight of the girl's purse and her costly watch, and a ring or two she wore. Had she been twenty times what she had represented herself to be, she would have refused her admission had she come penniless and shabby.

"What a mad freak!" the young man said to himself, as he walked away. "Who would have thought of the demure-looking Muriel having as much romance in her as that? How can she be saved from the scandal that must come of it? Has she thought how she is perilling her good name? There must have been an explosion at Kingcolm, I should fancy. My Cousin Doris can say very pretty things when she is roused to anger, and I dare say her sweet tongue has goaded poor Muriel to this step."

He went home, and pondered what he should do in the matter, and in the meantime Muriel Chisholm was sitting by the side of Jasper Onslow, watching the weary head tossing from side to side, and listening to the wild words that fell from the sick man's lips.

"What have I done?" she murmured to herself, as in the solitude of the sick room she began to have time for reflection. "Perilled name and fame, and all that a woman holds dear, for him."

Excitement was giving way to fatigue, and hot tears were beginning to force their way from her stiffened eyelids.

"But I shall have my reward," she said, passionately. "He will love me when he knows—he must—he shall! My darling! my darling! I would give my life to save yours, if Heaven would let me."

She pressed her soft lips to the hot forehead of Jasper Onslow, and laid her hand upon the restless arm that was moving to and fro upon the counterpane.

The sick man looked full into her tearful eyes, and gripped her gentle hand with a passionate clasp.

"Doris," he said, "my darling, beautiful Doris, we will go away to Italy, the land of love and beauty, and our life shall be one sweet dream of happiness and each other."

"And a pretty kettle of fish there'll be if I have them both on my hands," said Mrs. Henderson, when, half an hour later, she found Muriel stretched insensible on the floor. "Here, Miss Onslow—rouse up, my dear, do, and take a sip of this. You've been and overtired yourself, that's what you've done."

"Yes, that's all," Muriel said, faintly, "I don't know what made me faint, I am sure. I was hardly prepared to see my brother so ill, you see."

"I dare say that's it," the landlady said, gravely. "I'll send you up some tea."

She went down-stairs, and shut herself in her room, with Muriel's handkerchief in her hand.

"If this is hers, she ain't his sister," she said to herself. "She'd better keep up her payments, or it'll be worse for her, that's all."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 37.)

Beating a Granger.

A few days ago a gentle sewing-machine man approached a granger at Lebanon, Tennessee, with a proposition to sell him a sewing machine, for which he asked the sum of $90. "Can't see it," said the granger, "I belong to an organization that buys sewing-machines by the wholesale, and we get 'em at $35 apiece. I'm a granger, I am." "Oh, you are?" replied the gentle sewing-machine man; "well, that's a different thing. I know you grangers have done away with middlemen, and so cut down expenses greatly. We're trying to get the custom of you grangers, and I'll tell you what I'll do—give me $35 and take the machine along; but please don't tell anybody what you paid for it." The granger took the machine, promising to keep mum as to the price of it. But he didn't. Bless you, no. He blowed all around about his getting a $90 machine for $35, and then hung his head when he found that his purchase was a second hand affair which the gentle sewing-machine man had vainly endeavored to sell in that vicinity for $20. But it is seldom that a granger is caught napping this way.

TWO SUMMERS.

BY ED. C. WHITNEY.

"You are an enthusiast, Bertha, of the most absurd type; why here you have been talking as fast as your tongue would let you, about the beautiful scenery, splendid bathing, drives and walks, of a place you have never seen and never heard of before last week, it is perfectly ridiculous; and then the idea of making such a hero of Lucy's cousin, when, for all you know to the contrary, he may be a country clown, who wears his pants in his boots, goes around chewing a straw, and comes to dinner in his shirt sleeves."

"I think you are real mean, Dina, to throw cold water over me that way, when I am trying to make the best of a bad bargain," was Bertha Manners's answer to Dina Marshall's somewhat harsh remarks, "papa says he can't afford to take us to Newport this summer, and now when I am trying to resign myself to missing all those delightful hops, balls, moonlight walks on the beach, flirtations and rides, by praising up Shell Cove, you spoil it all, and make me miserable again; besides, Lucy said her cousin was real nice, and had travelled ever so much, and that the scenery and other attractions were splendid, but, oh, dear! Jim Towner and Ralph Boyd will expect to see me at Newport, and if I don't come they will fall in love with some other horrid creature. No, I don't mean that; you know what I mean, and Jim is so nice; I don't love him, you know, but he's got a splendid team of horses; go in two-thirty-five together, and he used to let me drive, and talked elegantly about the moon and stars, when we promenaded on the piazza, after a dance. I don't like Ralph half so much, but he was completely gone, and used to be so handy when I wanted to make Jim jealous."

"There, there, Bertha," said Dina, "you will talk me to death, and Shell Cove may be pretty good, after all; besides, I will contrive to let Mr. Towner know where you are, and he will probably come to see you, and if Lucy's cousin isn't nice, you will have Lucy and me to amuse you, and now, chatterbox, if we are going to start to-morrow morning, it is time we completed our packing, and as mine is almost done, I will help you with yours."

Bertha Manners was a petite fairy of twenty; winning in her manners, and pretty, as a rosebud is pretty, in a sweet homelike way, nothing stately or affected, but natural, honest, and albeit a flirt, with a warm heart that loved everybody and showed it. Her father was a Boston merchant of good standing, and a large income, but owing to reverses in business, had found it necessary to cut down expenses in order to regain that which he had lost, and consequently the family, instead of going to Newport, as was their custom for the summer, had resolved to stay at home.

Bertha, however, had received an invitation from an old school-mate, Lucy Briggs by name, to spend the summer with her, and to bring, if possible, her Cousin Dina Marshall. The invitation had been accepted by both, and the next morning would see them off.

Dina Marshall, although of the same age as Bertha, was much more womanly and dignified. Experience and a thorough education had taught her much, and although she enjoyed life and its pleasures fully as much as Bertha, she looked upon it from a different standpoint. Her mother had been dead some years, and her father, a rich New York banker, although loving his daughter dearly, allowed her to wander where she pleased in the summer, and she pleased to go with Bertha.

Dina (not Dyna but Dena) was not like Bertha, pretty, but beautiful. Her eyes were a dark rich hazel shaded with long lustrous lashes, and large; vivacious at times, and at others dreamy, but always proud. Her hair which she wore in large braids coiled on top of her well-shaped head, and wavy in front, was of a medium brown, not faded, but rich and glossy. Her complexion was fair; pink and white, with traces of delicate blue veins showing through its clearness, and the slight willowy figure was graceful in the extreme. Nature had almost made her exterior perfect, and her character fell but little short; two faults she had; pride and obstinacy. Neither of these faults are bad ones, we think, and indeed it is a question in our mind whether large shares of pride and obstinacy are not good things to have, especially when the mind is well cultivated and full of noble impulses like Dina's. These two faults however, if not well handled, will bring one to grief, and this had been the case with Dina.

She had passed the previous summer in Saratoga, under the care of an aunt, and while there, had received marked attentions from Glen Dalton, a fine-looking man of twenty-four, who graduated from Harvard when twenty, and having an independent fortune had travelled in all parts of the world previous to his meeting Dina at Saratoga.

He was a reckless, devil-may-care young fellow, full of life and animation underneath, but held in check by a strong will, which prevented it from coming to the surface. Nothing boyish about him; intensely manly all over, with a man-of-the-world air which experience of every kind had given. Experience failed to teach him prudence, however; he was as full of riot as when he led the college boys in a fight against the town, and many were the wild scrapes he got into during his travels. Dina, and the suffocating formality of Saratoga, began to tame him down ere the summer passed, but the old crop broke out at times, and before the season ended, he committed a reckless act which he had regretted with intense bitterness ever since.

They were out on the lake, Dina and he, in his light skiff; darting along here and there, now under the dark shadows of the trees, and then in the bright moonlight on the open lake. The night was still, and beautiful as only a moonlight summer night on the water can be. The slight splash of the oars, and the faint notes of a familiar ballad, wafted to their ears from some distant pleasure party, by the gentle breeze, were the only sounds which disturbed the delicious tranquillity of nature.

They had been silent some time; there was that in their hearts which could not find vent in words, and as the moon began to descend toward the distant hills, they thought of the approaching separation, which was so near at hand.

"There is no place like home, the song says, Miss Marshall," said Glen, breaking the silence; "but bless me if I wouldn't rather stay here than go home a dozen times."

"You think so now, perhaps, Mr. Dalton," she answered, "but you would soon tire of it; I am afraid you have travelled too much to find contentment in any one place."

"No, not if you were with me, Dina," he answered, his voice vibrating with tenderness, and sinking almost to a whisper. "I love you, Dina, darling; will you take me, unworthy as I am? Tell me I have not loved in vain, dearest."

"I cannot, Glen; papa made me promise not to receive any addresses this summer."

"But you love me, Dina? It need not be an engagement yet. Tell me you love me only just once."

"Yes, I do love you. But stop!"

He had taken her in his arms, and was trying to kiss the lips he would have dared death itself to have kissed.

"Stop, you must not," she gasped, panting for breath, and striving to draw herself from his embrace, "you must wait till father consents."

"But I can't wait, Dina, this is foolish," he said.

"But you must," she answered, having drawn herself away, and looking him steadily in the face, "you will forfeit my love, if you do not."

He drew her steadily to him, without the least resistance, and kissed her, not once, but many times. She did not speak a word to him then or afterward, he plead with her hopefully, then wildly, with all the passion of his nature, but she would not answer, and finally he was obliged to row to the shore, help her into the carriage, and drive to the hotel. When he helped her out, she was white with suppressed emotion.

He asked her once more, "won't you ever forgive me, Dina?"

She shook her head no; he looked into her eyes, they did not avoid his, but no sign of tenderness was in them; and thus they parted.

He jumped into his carriage again, and lighted a cigar; his horses were fresh, and he drove them five miles at a dead gallop before reining up, and then returned to his hotel a sadder and wiser man.

Dina went to her room like one in a trance, and on reaching it fainted away. She went to New York as an invalid, but no thought of relenting ever entered her heart, and she never could love another. Time cureth all things, they say, but it could not cure her complaint, and now that the summer had come again, and its golden splendor, the sweet odor of its flowers, the dreamy languor of its atmosphere, all reminded her of the summer that was past, and of the love she had lost, she felt miserable indeed, and above all things, desired to keep away from watering-places.

* * * * *

Shell Cove proper, is a pretty little village situated at the head of a small and sheltered bay; one of the numerous inlets which penetrate the coast of Maine, and form safe harbors for storm-beaten vessels in rough weather. Mr. Briggs and his fair wife, Lucy, lived some three miles from the village, in a large, well-built house, of modern style, which overlooked the ocean, whose ceaseless roar continually penetrated the ears of its occupants, and whose white-capped waves could be seen breaking on the beach for miles.

Mr. Briggs followed the occupation of gentleman farmer, and stock raiser; although possessed of a fortune sufficiently large to render it unnecessary, but such a life suited his taste in the summer, and he passed the winter months in Portland, leaving his place in charge of an overseer.

Dina and Bertha, after a journey to Portland by rail, were met by Mr. Briggs, who escorted them the remaining distance.

Six hours sail in a steamer, four hours in a stage, and two hours in a sailboat, brought them to Shell Cove, and Mr. Brigga's carriage awaiting them there, soon deposited them, bag and baggage, at the house. On their arrival at Berkely where they were to be transferred to the sailboat, they found two of Mr. Brigga's men awaiting them at the stage office, who conveyed their luggage to the boat. While this was being done the party procured dinner at the village inn, and then went down to the wharf where the boat was lying. A young man, evidently a gentleman, was seated in a negligent attitude on one side of the boat, with his face turned toward the sea. Something in the shape of the head reminded Dina of Glen Dalton, and when, on hearing their footsteps, he turned toward them, she saw it was he. She would have fallen had it not been for Mr. Brigga's arm, which she had taken; but her pride came to the rescue, and although very pale, she responded to Mr. Brigga's introduction, "my wife's cousin, Mr. Dalton, ladies," with her accustomed ease.

"Most happy to see you, Miss Manners and Miss Marshall; Lucy has been looking forward to your arrival with great impatience; I trust you have had a pleasant journey," he said.

"Very, I assure you," answered Bertha, who Dina could see was in for a big flirtation. "What a delightful boat you have; and are you going to sail it over, Mr. Dalton? Because, if you are, I want you to be careful, as I am awfully afraid."

"No danger, Miss Manners, we have a splendid ten-knot breeze awaiting us, and will go over in less than no time, please cover up with these blankets, however, as it is cool outside the bay, and we may ship a little water."

The ladies accordingly covered up, and the sails being already hoisted they were soon off and tearing down the bay at a rattling pace.

Dina watched him as he stood at the helm, engaged in sailing the boat, and talking with Bertha, while she talked with Mr. Briggs. He had not changed much, a little older-looking perhaps, and a little careworn, but as manly, tall, and strong as ever, and some of the old dare-devil in his eyes yet. Glen Dalton was a splendidly-built fellow, over six feet high, and straight as a mountain pine, with broad shoulders, and a large noble head; handsome withal, as the knights of old were handsome, and lacking that obesity which generally fastens on to one of large frame, "all bone, muscle, and blood," and "don't get him mad or something will have to break," his valet used to say.

But little passed between the two, so unexpectedly thrown together again, on the journey over, and that little in the course of desultory and general conversation only, but when on landing he assisted her out he managed to whisper, "This meeting was unintentional on my part, Miss Marshall as I did not know of your coming till my arrival here yesterday."

She nodded her head in acquiescence, and he felt her hand tremble as he took hold of it to assist her on to the dock.

Mrs. Briggs received her guests with delight, and after a late supper the evening was passed in walking on the moonlit beach, and singing in the parlor. Glen Dalton possessed a rich tenor voice, and Dina a beautiful, sweet soprano, full of feeling; and their rendition of "Come back to Erin" was "perfectly delicious," as Bertha termed it. It was the ballad they had heard the last faint notes of, on that eventful evening, so sweet, and yet so bitter to each of them, and as they sang, the memories of that happy summer came back, bringing an irresistible longing to be reunited in both hearts.

The weeks passed on, Glen and Dina hardly knew how; very little passed between them, Glen devoting his time to Bertha, never thinking such a course might lead her to love him, and it didn't. Bertha's little head, although not troubled with brains to any great extent, possessed a quick woman's wit, and she saw he loved Dina, and that they had met before, and albeit she had kept quiet so far, she meant to straighten matters up before their departure.

In the meantime Jim Towner put in an appearance, team and all, and then Glen was obliged to take up with Dina. They sang, danced, played croquet, went riding and sailing together, they talked on every subject but the one so near both hearts; once indeed he had mentioned the previous summer, but she quietly changed the subject, and through it all, never gave him the least encouragement. He was beginning to despair, but made up his mind he would risk all once more ere the summer had passed.

And so the days followed each other. Jim declared himself, and was accepted by Bertha, and now the pair of inconsistent mortals were thrown together more and more, and but a week remained previous to their departure.

"Dina, Miss Marshall, will you take a sail with me this morning?" said Glen, after one of their late breakfasts.

She looked at him quickly, but there was nothing unusual in his appearance or manners, and said yes.

It was a beautiful day, and a good fresh breeze was blowing, promising a splendid sail; and as they swept down the bay from the village, the boat careening till the gunwale lay under the water, Dina felt perfectly safe with his hand on the helm.

"You are a splendid sailor, Miss Marshall," he said, "but I am almost afraid to take you outside to-day; it is blowing pretty hard out there, and the clouds to the west look squally."

"Don't be afraid on my account, Mr. Dalton; take in a reef before we go, and then we will be all right. I love to sail on the ocean where the long swell strikes us."

"If you are satisfied, I am," he answered; and coming to near the shore, he took a reef, and they then started for the open water.

The minute they passed the last headland, Glen saw it was blowing harder even than he had thought, but he had been out in the same boat in worse blows before, and had confidence in his ability to manage it.

On they sped, the water boiling and seething in their wake, and dashing over the bows into their faces, which only brought a smile to Dina's face, and a look of admiration of her, to his. After dashing straight out for nearly an hour, they thought it best to return, particularly as the wind was a little against them going back. The turn was not accomplished without some difficulty, and a thorough drenching, but they only laughed at it, and the good boat kept on, breasting the now heavy waves nobly. But the wind increased every minute, and Glen could not leave the rudder to take in another reef, indeed it took nearly all his strength to keep the boat right as it was. The boat began to strain and labor, and shipped so much water that Dina had to bail out continually, but they neared home fast, and already the jutting head-land behind which was safety, loomed near.

Dina was a little pale now, but Glen was paler, not on his own account but on hers, for a squall, twice as heavy as the preceding ones, was coming toward them with tremendous velocity, and they were yet three-quarters of a mile from the head land.

On they dashed.

"Come nearer to me, Dina," he said, "we will go over when that squall strikes us, in another minute," he continued, putting his one free arm about her waist, and drawing her to him. "May I kiss you now, Dina, darling? I will take you safe to land or die for it, but it is possible we may never get there."

"Yes, Glen, I love you," she answered, putting both wet arms about his neck as he pressed a long, fond kiss upon her lips, "and if we die, Glen, it will be together."

The squall struck them with a hissing moan, and upset the boat in an instant, throwing Glen and his now unconscious burden far out into the seething waste of water. He had tried to keep hold of the boat, hoping to climb upon its bottom, but had failed in so doing, and it had now drifted far beyond his reach.

It is fully half a mile to the shore, and the wind and tide are against him, but his powerful right arm cleaves the water with tremendous force, and he holds Dina with his left; her head far above the water. On, on he swims, approaching nearer and nearer to the shore, but flesh and blood cannot stand such a pull long, and his muscles of iron begin to tire.

He shifts Dina from one arm to the other, and still struggles on.

Nearer and nearer he approaches, but a hundred feet, seventy-five, fifty, now remain, must he give it up? No! he hears some one shouting above the roar of the waves, and sees a rope thrown him from the shore approaching; he grasps it, and is pulled in, amid cheers of delight, his fair burden pressed convulsively to him, and half an hour later is changing his wet clothes by a cheery fire in his own room.

* * * * *

The two troubled ones linger in the parlor long after the others have retired, on the evening of this eventful day, and many are the fond words of endearment and love which pass between them. The rain beats fiercely against the window panes, and the wind shrieks around the corners of the house; while the deep, hoarse roar of the surf, breaking on the beach, can be plainly heard.

"I thank God for this storm, Dina, darling," said Glen, as she rose to go, "it has brought me the greatest blessing of my life—I only hope I may prove worthy of it."

"Yes, Glen, it has been a good storm to us," answered Dina, "for it has not only reunited us, but has conquered my pride, for I have always loved you, Glen, since we first met."

We will draw the curtain here, dear reader. They were married before Christmas. Glen could not, and would not, wait any longer; in fact, he acted in much the same manner as he did about that kiss on Saratoga lake—but some men never will learn to keep out of trouble, even by experience.

☞ A most remarkable occurrence was witnessed on the Northwestern Railway track, at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, lately. The engine of a freight train going north jumped the track and alighted with all its wheels on another track six feet distant. The tender was partly drawn across, but the cars remained safe on the first track. The sudden stop created considerable havoc among the passengers, and many were bruised but none were seriously injured.

☞ It is pleasant, says an exchange, to see a young creature come into a horse-car, seat herself for admiration, look happy for five minutes, and then wake up to the dismal consciousness that there is a rip in the middle finger of her right glove.

African Scenery.

A MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY.

The British troops in Ashantee certainly can behold some charming sights. Here is a picture of African scenery from the correspondence of the London Daily News:

"When Lieutenants Richmond and Woodgate went up with their company to build a redoubt, the thickness of the undergrowth in the bush forbade any view whatever. By persistent hacking at this undergrowth, by felling the smaller trees, and keeping up perpetual fires, they have cleared a considerable space upon the crest, and exposed a charming view. On either side rose lofty hills, clothed in green from base to summit. Very far off, in the misty distance, beyond Cromassie, is a faint shadow of mountains. The level between, through which lies our road, is beheld through breaks of foliage exactly like that affectioned by the earliest of Italian painters. Giorgione might have studied his tree effects from this spot. The plain lies misty and vague, its tones of delicate verdure fading at the distance into a golden haze. High above the forest level uprise the pale-green crowns of cotton-trees, disdainful of lower growths. Creepers drop like a brown waterfall down the trunks. Great ruffs of fern encircle the branches or hang their leaves like stag-horns from the topmost boughs. A few trees bear a crown of blossom, scarlet or pink, but not to match in mass or beauty the brilliant garden of Fantee-land. Animal life, for all we see of it, might not exist at all in this country. We hear birds and beasts sometimes; occasionally we see parrots fly overhead, at a distance to skim the tallest boughs; but few of us have seen a creature that runs or flies, except the insects. I meditate a short digression on the creeping things of Africa in some parts of the campaign. It is sufficient now to say that no country in the world can compare with this for variety and number of its insects."

Another correspondent writes:—

"A little stream goes clear and clear over some shingly pebbles, and bends in and out above and below the road among foliage rich enough to deck, not crowded enough to conceal it. Immediately after crossing, one of the richest banks of flowers which I have here seen presented itself; the chief feature being a gay plant, whose name I do not know, very like a cowslip in the actual flower, but with a bright white leaf standing out as if part of the flower itself behind each flower head, and the plant growing in luxuriant masses on stems six or seven feet high, the whole intertwined with ferns and creepers innumerable. The bank had a curious look—roots stood out from it as from the base of a fallen tree, and by the irregularity and ruggedness they gave to it added much to its picturesqueness and beauty. Yet the whole appearance of a bank, and not of a huge root, was there, from the completeness with which nature had decked every nook and cranny. I was rather puzzled, and went round behind it to find plainly enough, stretching along behind it for, perhaps, sixty yards, the quite rotten carcase of an old forest king—now no longer, except by its mere shape, distinguishable from a mound of rich earth, and covered all over with a rich, high-growing moss and ferns and plants of all kinds."

A Fifteen Hours' Walk for Life.

On Sunday afternoon a young man named George Falk swallowed, as he stated, three ounces of laudanum and five grains of morphia, in order to end his life, as was reported yesterday. There was but one way to save him, and that was to keep him in motion. After relieving him as far as possible, his physician, Dr. M. J. Gately, ordered that he be walked until he was out of danger. At half past two o'clock on Sunday afternoon he was put upon his tramp for life, and was forced to walk in the open air as rapidly as he could. His father kept by him for a long time, and a friend or a policeman assisted. After some hours the father gave out, and finally officers and friends grew tired. At last officers had to be taken from their beats and made to do duty in saving the life of the would-be suicide. When the walk commenced it was with great difficulty that he could be kept going, and so great was his stupor that at times he would almost fall like a stick. Frequently it was necessary to catch him and move him on. He reeled at times like a drunken man, and then again would revive considerably. The dreary, monotonous walk was kept up without intermission until half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, when the physician consented that he should be allowed to take rest. The life of the young man was saved, but the struggle for freedom from the effects of the drugs was a severe one. To have stopped three minutes would have been fatal.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

How the Eye is Swept and Washed.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and it is afterward swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the under surface of the nose, while the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose.

If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when you look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelids there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from being sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wished to view an object.

Cincinnati Whisky.

It was the earnest endeavor of the author of the subjoined epic to render it a perfect poem. If it be not absolutely perfect in every respect—and he confesses that it may possibly not be so—the failure to invest it with that distinction is due solely to the fact that perfection is not always within reach of the poetic genius itself—

CLOSED.

They sang and they prayed 'round Pat's saloon,
In sunshine and in rain;
But the old ghost was quite prayer-proof,
An' they sang and prayed in vain.
But at last they bribed a cuss named Lattie
To give him some whisky from Cincinnati—
Some forty-odd drops of the stuff—
An', weary, half asleep, he reposed;
But forty-odd drops were quite enough,
For it handled the old man mighty rough,
And that saloon was closed.
—*Courier Journal.*

BED-TIME.

Rose-bud lay in her trundle bed,
With her small hands fold'd above her head,
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee—
"Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
I pray the Father my soul to keep,
And He comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful house where His angels stay;
I gather red roses, and lilies so white,
I play with the angels through all the long night;
And when in the morning I wake from my sleep,
He gives back the soul that I gave Him to keep;
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

A GRAVEN IMAGE.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

The doctor had finished reading the chapter, and, folding his gown around him, sank back into his seat, casting at the choir a resigned glance, which seemed to say, "Now do your worst." The tenor had just begun to acknowledge and praise the Lord, in the style of Sir Isoline's mastiff, "with sixte n short howls;" Mrs Hassan braced herself in the corner of her pew to endure that long disconnected noise to which the choir was wont to wed the noble words of the "Te Deum," when her attention was diverted from the weekly agony by an apparition which had at least the good effect of closing her ears to the howls, roars and shrieks which the four musicians thought proper to attribute to the prophets, apostles and martyrs.

This apparition was a pretty woman in half-mourning, coming up the aisle with Mrs. Vale and her daughters, who came late, as was their custom.

A chill, and then a glow of anger, ran over Mrs. Hassan, and her husband wondered what it was that brought such a sudden flush into his wife's eyes. I am afraid that Mrs. Hassan's mind during the prayers and sermon that morning was not in a Christian frame. Every one in Menango was in the habit of exchanging greetings going out of church; but to-day Mrs. Hassan slipped away from her friends, and went to her Bible-class in the Sunday-school room.

The girls wondered why she spoke so emphatically about the duty and difficulty of forgiving those who, having injured us, never think of needing or asking forgiveness; but girls are creatures given to curiosity and conjecture, and I fear their minds were rather more occupied with guessing at Mrs. Hassan's personal experience, than in making a practical explanation of the lesson.

"What's the matter, Cassy?" said her husband, as they walked home together.

Mrs. Hassan's hand trembled on her husband's arm as she said, in a low voice, "I've seen a ghost."

"That is nothing. Ghosts, as you know, run in the family; but they do no harm."

"But it's not that sort, James. I'd rather have seen every spirit that ever walked in a churchyard, or even a were-wolf, than that woman who came into church this morning with the Vales."

"She was a pretty woman enough," said Mr. Hassan. "What is the matter with her?"

"She is Mrs. Armer. She is a widow now; she was Anna Clayton."

Mr. Hassan looked as if he was going to whistle. But, being on the street he refrained, and only said, "The deuce she is!" which was perhaps no improvement on his first intention.

"I suppose of course she knew Sidney was here," said Mrs. Hassan, bitterly. "She might be satisfied with the mischief she has done, and let him alone."

"Do you think he cares for her yet?"

"He cares for her so much that he cannot care for anything else. She ruined his life. I can't understand it; I can't, I can't," said Mrs. Hassan, quite passionately.

"As to that, can you understand what makes persons care for any one else? What made you care for me?" said Mr. Hassan, trying to comfort his wife.

"You! You!" returned Mrs. Hassan, in a most unwonted state of excitement. "James, as if there was any comparison! She is cold-hearted and coarse-minded, and utterly selfish."

"And Sidney, being the exact reverse of all this, devoted himself to her, and loved her with all his heart and soul."

"He didn't love her. He loved the image in his mind, which he somehow managed to pin to her personality; and now I shouldn't wonder if he married her, after all, and was utterly miserable; and there is no war for him to go away to now."

Mr. Sidney Devine was Mrs. Hassan's only brother. When quite a young man he had thrown away upon Miss Anna Clayton a love as sincere and intense as any man ever gave to a woman. Why he did it I cannot explain, for Anna was all that Mrs. Hassan had pronounced her to be; and at nineteen was as worldly, as selfish, and as calculating as though she had not been blessed with a pretty figure, fine eyes and a pink and white skin.

Sidney, so to speak, put all his eggs into one basket, but Miss Clayton, like a prudent young woman, preferred to have two strings to her bow. While she had been engaged to Sidney, she had been carrying on a flirtation, by letter, with a gentleman old enough to be her father—a good man, who was no wiser in his love than if he had been one-and-twenty.

Matters went so far between Miss Clayton and Sydney that the expectant bridegroom had ordered his wedding suit. Miss Clayton went down to New York to make her last purchases, married Mr. Armer, and wrote the day before her wedding to break off her engagement with Mr. Devine.

It is to be supposed that Mr. Armer never knew of Mr. Devine's existence; and Anna did not at all mind the talk which she occasioned, but rather enjoyed her notoriety.

A few weeks after the war broke out, and Sidney, throwing aside his law practice, went into the rank and file. He went from one end of the struggle to the other. He was conspicuous for recklessness in the field, and did his duty like a man. He was in sixteen pitched battles, and never received a scratch; and fever and disease passed him by unharmed.

"So many are taken who have everything to live for," he said once; "but nothing happens to me." It was almost the only allusion he ever made to the past.

When peace came he went to Menango, where his sister had married, and resumed his profession, but in a very unambitious way, occupying himself chiefly with the business arising from his brother-in-law's large property. He had talents, and had once been devoted to his work; but now he seemed to care for nothing but to make for himself the modest income which sufficed for his wants.

There was a pleasant little society in the university town of Menango, but Mr. Devine went nowhere but to his sister's house and seldom there if there was other company. He busied himself with his books in his leisure moments, and tried to forget himself and the ghost of the past in study; but, after all, life was for him a very heavy and uninteresting business, and he would not have been sorry to lay down the burden once for all. At thirty-five, much to his sister's vexation, he spoke and thought of himself as one to whom all the chances, ambitions, and enjoyments of life were closed.

If the idol to which he sacrificed himself had possessed even a head of gold, Mrs. Hassan would have borne it with even more resignation; but when she knew that the costly sacrifice had been laid on the shrine of a wooden image, no better than that fish-bodied doll which the Ephesians adored as the virgin huntress, Mrs. Hassan's patience was sorely tried.

And now the woman had come here to throw herself into Sidney's way, and his sister could foresee nothing but trouble.

"If he once marries her," she said to herself, "he will find out what a fool she is, and having and hating is far worse than losing and loving."

The next evening there happened to be a party at President Lyon's. Mrs. Hassan and her mother-in-law had meant to go; but at the last minute arrived an old friend of Mrs. Hassan's the elder, and that lady preferred staying to talk over old times. Mr. Hassan had gone out of town on business; Casey did not want to go alone, and, rather to her surprise, her brother, who was in the house, offered to accompany her.

Not till she was coming down-stairs to get into the carriage did it occur to her that Mrs. Armer would probably be at Mr. Lyon's.

"But she would contrive to meet him somewhere," thought this uncharitable woman, "and it may be better there than accidentally on purpose by the river, or in the woods."

As Mrs. Hassan came down the stairs of Dr. Lyon's house, she heard from the parlor a certain hard, metallic laugh with which she was familiar, and she saw her brother look about him with a startled glance, as if some old association had been unpleasantly jarred.

The brother and sister paid their compliments to Mrs. Lyon and the President, and then Mrs. Hassan looked about her. Sidney, who had felt lonely and out of place, attached himself to Professor Beaucour, and made conversation about the college library, to the extreme disgust of Miss Maud Clay, who had been making herself agreeable by asking a series of questions, varying from astronomy and chemistry to the professor's own paper on the "Catacombs," in the last North American.

The professor was a shy man, and, like most authors, he could not bear to talk about his own writings. Perhaps he felt grateful to Mr. Devine, for he entered with ardor into the subject of English classic literature. In the meantime Mr. Devine was conscious of a curious feeling—not hope, not expectancy, not terror—an influence in the air, for which he could not account, only as it connected itself with a rather loud treble voice and a frequent sound, half-laugh, half giggle, that came from amid a group of students. The voice, the laugh, were oddly familiar. They were like, yet unlike sounds which had rung in his memory for many a day.

Mrs. Hassan, listening to the conversation of that very elegant young gentleman, Master Dick Monroe, was at no loss to recognize the voice, for the memory of aversion in this case was truer than that of love.

She sat where she could see Mrs. Armer's figure in the centre of a group of young men. Mr. Armer had not been dead more than eighteen months, but Mrs. Armer had chosen, since last Sunday, to leave off her mourning, or only to retain such as might be discernible rather by faith than by sight.

She wore a pale lavender silk made very low, and trimmed in every conceivable place. She had violets and white roses in her hair, and a black velvet ribbon with a pearl cross on her white neck, and pearl and jet bracelets on her arms. She had not grown old, and at twenty-nine looked hardly less fresh than at nineteen. Her color had not faded, and she had the same way of rocking to and fro, twisting her neck and rolling her eyes in a manner which some people called graceful, and which had of old so disgusted Cassy Devine and charmed her brother.

Would it charm him again? Mrs. Hassan glanced at him across the room, and saw that he had seen his old love, and was watching her, quite oblivious to the professor's remarks about a fine historical collection which he desired to see added to the library. The look on Mr. Devine's face was not of admiration, or grief, or any very intense emotion, except that of shocked surprise and wonder.

Presently, as Professor Beaucour turned to speak to some one else, Mr. Devine made his way to the group of which Mrs. Armer was the centre, and reached it just in time to hear these words:

"O, people in America make such frights of themselves, wearing mourning forever, and going about like so many walking palls. And if you put on black you can't go to parties. Why, when Cad Martin's brother died, and she was perfectly devoted to him, she couldn't go into society, and her mind was so distracted, she needed diversion more than ever. I told Mr. Armer that he needn't expect that I was going to make a guy of myself for him forever, if he died." And here came the inevitable laugh, echoed by many of the surrounding gentlemen. I think most men have a certain pleasure in hearing a woman talk like a fool, as it justifies their preconceived theories.

"Can this be the woman I have had in my mind all these years?" thought Mr. Devine, bewildered, and yet with a dim sense of relief, as if some heavy cloud was gradually dispersing from his eyes.

He stood and watched her every motion; fascinated, but with a fascination how different from his old passion. There was the same turn of the head, the same uplifting of the eyes he had been wont to think so graceful and sweet; the same sidelong motions of the body, which he once compared to the movements of a lily on its stem. Why did all these airs and graces now strike him as so disagreeable? and the manner which had once been charming artlessness, seemed self-conscious affectation. Had he been a blind fool, or had she been different; and from what creature had been modelled that fair, sweet image that had so long been enshrined in his heart?

"O, I don't feel as if I could sustain life in such a place as this," continued Mrs. Armer. "How do you manage when you are at home?" she asked, throwing back her head, and favoring Major Monroe, U. S. A., with a roll of her eyes not unlike that popularly ascribed to a duck in a thunder-storm.

"I have sustained myself with the prophetic hope of your arrival," said the major, with a bow; and then he slipped out of the circle, and left a place vacant for Mr. Devine. Mrs. Armer's eyes fell upon Sidney, and her color deepened and her eyes brightened.

"O, Mr. Devine! O, Sidney!" she said, putting out a pretty hand, as she rose, dropping fan, flowers and handkerchief for the students to pick up. "Is this really you?"

"I believe it is," said Mr. Devine, smiling with perfect outward composure, though his whole self was in a sort of whirl with a rushing wreck of old associations and memories going down into chaos; and, amidst them all, reason, awake after a sleep of years, seemed to stand wondering at the destruction of her prison house—confused, and yet with a sense of relief and rising life that was delightful.

"It is such a lovely evening, I should so like to go out on the piazza," said Mrs. Armer, with a rustle and sway of all her silken draperies.

She hung on his arm; she looked up appealingly into his face as she crossed the room; she "minced" as she went, in a manner that of old moved the ire of the prophet.

Dr. Lyon looked after her as though he wondered what sort of beast this might be that had come into his ark. Menango, as represented then and there, drew itself together a little, exchanged glances, and was inclined to think Mrs. Armer "not nice." Mrs. Vale, a stately, old-fashioned lady, inwardly resolved that her cousin's visit to herself and her daughters should be short.

Mrs. Armer had the effrontery to stop and speak to Mrs. Hassan, and expressed a desire that they should meet where they could talk over "old times." Mrs. Hassan was intensely polite, but very cool, and she did not even look at her brother.

Mr. Devine and Mrs. Armer did not stay more than ten minutes on the piazza, and during that time she did all the talking, dwelling mostly on the subject of her poor, dear husband, and intimating, first-ly, that he had left her "very well off," but to neither intimations did Mr. Devine respond with sympathy or interest. In his sudden revulsion of feeling he hardly knew whether to be the most disgusted with himself or his companion. The worshippers who came to the temple in the morning, and found that only the fishy part of Dagon was left to him, could hardly have been more startled than Sidney Devine in the presence of his once adorable Anna. He took her in to supper, attended her with polite care, and shortly after found out his sister, and asked her if she was ready to go home.

Mrs. Hassan was more than ready. Her whole soul was stirred within her, and she longed to utter her whole opinion of the fair widow, but refrained, fearing to do more harm that good.

Neither brother nor sister spoke till they were half-way home, and then Mr. Devine roused himself from the silence, and said—

"By Jove!"

It did not seem as if this appeal to a heathen deity was dictated by devotion or by renewed passion, and Mrs. Hassan ventured to ask him what he wanted of Jupiter.

"Look here, Cassy," said Sidney, with sudden earnestness, "Do tell me, was she always like this?"

Mrs. Hassan drew a long subdued breath of intense relief, and answered, with studied quietness.

"I do not see much change in her. She is as pretty as ever, and her manner is much the same as when I used to see her."

"Cassy," said Mr. Devine, after another silence, "I have been a tremendous fool."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hassan. "We are all that, more or less, I suppose. Does not Mrs. Armer strike you as changed?"

"As the same; and yet there is the wonder, Cassy; if you saw her as I do now, why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to, Sidney; but you said I was jealous of her beauty," said Mrs. Hassan, betraying a little thorn that had pricked at intervals for years.

"Well, well, I cannot see what I was thinking of." And then came another sigh, as of mingled relief and regret, and then he discovered that his sister was crying.

"Why, Cassy, what is that for?" he said, gently.

"I am so glad. I was afraid you would fancy her again."

"Cassy," said Mr. Devine, speaking with great deliberation, as the carriage drove up to the door, "I should not fancy her if there was not another woman in the world."

Mr. Hassan had come home on the late train, and, instead of going back to his solitary den behind his office, Sidney stayed to partake of the little repast, for neither he nor his sister had taken supper at the President's.

A cloud seemed in some mysterious manner to have lifted from the face of creation, and to have dispersed itself in empty air.

How pretty his sister looked in her blue silk. Cassy was an uncommonly elegant woman; he wondered he had never noticed it before. What an excellent fellow was his brother-in-law; what a charming old lady Mrs. Hassan, the elder. What a delightful, well-ordered, home-like place was the house. Where had his wits been that hitherto all these things had never seemed to claim from him more than a listless, half-weary interest? He had not talked so much in years, and he made a good supper, and then fed bits off his fork to the cat, which she, much condescending, took daintily.

He felt like a man who has dreamed of wandering long, heavily burdened, through waste places, and who wakes to find himself in the familiar room, with the visionary load left behind in the land of visions.

Before he went away he had promised to think about an oft-repeated proposal to make his home with his brother-in-law. He thought to such good purpose that before the week had come to an end he was established under his sister's roof, to that lady's great contentment.

He saw Mrs. Armer two or three times before she ended her visit; indeed she came to him to consult him about a lawsuit in which she was engaged with her husband's relatives, but Mr. Devine informed her that the matter was out of his line of practice. Once and again he encountered his old love, but with no more dangerous emotions than ever increasing disgust. The once sweet, unconventional artlessness was vulgarity; the grace, affectation; the silvery laugh, sounding brass. With delight he felt himself a free man, and he threw himself into his profession with renewed ardor, and each day seemed a revelation of life.

Mrs. Armer did not prolong her visit, and in a few days flitted away, to the undisguised relief of Mrs. Vale.

As for Mr. Devine's long-cherished love, the angel of resurrection might have called for it in vain. The graven image, after reigning for years in a temple meant for holier worship, crumbled into dust at the first sunbeam of reality that shone into the shrine.—*The Aldine*.

☞ THE RISING STAR.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.—*Longfellow*.

The Storekeeper's Weakness.

Among the annoyances incidental to housekeeping, few are so trying to the temper as that weakness of the storekeeper which flatters him into the belief that he knows the wants of his customers very much better than they do themselves. "Mr. Blank has sent you the green tea this time, ma'am, for he says he knows you'll like it better." Many a time the good-natured housekeeper has had her patience severely tested by some such remark as this from a servant who had been sent for a parcel of breakfast tea. So it is with the sugar, the flour, and the butter. The storekeeper, in spite of the remonstrances of the maid, insists on sending something that is not ordered, just because he wants to show how much superior his judgment is to that of his customers. In the dry-goods store the same troublesome system is observed in a less degree. If the messenger is known to the autocrat of the establishment, the chances are that he will send a "remnant of some extra nice goods," instead of two of material ordered. The dealer in hardware is very little better than the grocer. If the housekeeper wants single hooks for a closet he will send double ones; if she wants inch nails he will send inch and a half; and if she wants a coal scuttle partly covered at the mouth, to prevent the coal from falling upon the carpet, he will send the old-fashioned open one, and tell the servant to say that he had plenty of the other kind, but knew that she would not like them in the long run.

The crockery storekeeper is by no means the least provoking to the housekeeper. Persons who desire to replace some broken pieces of a China breakfast, dinner or tea set, are usually particular to have a perfect match. The crockery man is above such "foolish whims." If he cannot supply the deficiency without having to go to the wholesale store, he will promptly reason himself into the conviction that certain odd pieces which he has in stock will suit to a charm. The messenger may object, on the ground that there are no flowers on the set to be matched, but this matters not; he has formed the opinion that the match is as nearly perfect as possible, and he is sure that Mrs. So-and-So will agree with him. Under such circumstances, the messenger has really no option but to take what is given her, and she often gets more than she bargained for, after marching home. The shoemaker, in his own way, is not a whit behind the crockery man. Send an innocent school-girl to him for a pair of shoes, and the chances are as ten to one that he will fit her so tightly as to put her in misery, until she has almost kicked her toes through. The butcher and the dealer in poultry likewise contrive, not only to excite the anger of the housekeeper, but of the house-owner and all that dwell within his gates. Send for chops off the leg, and they will be cut off the loin. Send for lamb chops, and you get ram chops. Send for a tender chicken, and the poultry man deliberately instructs the servant to say that a fat fowl will prove a much more acceptable dish, and so on. The keeper of the drug store is not superior to these little weaknesses any more than the grocery or the crockery man. There are few druggists who have not a very "strong" weakness for entering into competition with the quack doctor by putting up articles for this, that and the other use, and labeling them with their own labels. As a result of this ambition, it often occurs that when a lady sends an order for a certain kind of tooth-powder, the druggist fills it by substituting his own make for that which she is desirous of having, and tells the messenger to say that he is positive she will like it better, for the ingredients are better, and the price the same, or it may be a trifle less.

Thus it is in every branch of retail trade. We do not, for a moment, mean to say that all retail traders are bitten with this mania. Nothing of the sort. There are hundreds, aye, thousands, of them who have the good sense to understand that no trader is so highly approved of and so prosperous as he who treats the servant as the mistress, refrains from experimenting, and rigidly complies with orders. The worst of it is that a considerable number of traders give annoyance in the manner described in the mistaken notion that they thereby make themselves agreeable, and, in fact, absolutely necessary to the comfort of their customers.—*From the N. Y. Times*.

Maxims of Cardinal De Retz.

Some of the most celebrated aphorisms ever given to the world are those of Cardinal De Retz. As a writer the fame of De Retz rests upon the "Memoirs," a "most striking and brilliant work." But his maxims have their value, as the reflections which a great and able man formed from long experience and practice in great business. This was Lord Chesterfield's opinion, and he adds, "They are true conclusions, drawn from facts, not from speculation." We subjoin a few of them.

"Weak men never yield at the proper time."

"There are no small steps in great affairs."

"I am persuaded that greater qualities are required to form a good party leader, than to form an emperor of the universe; and that in the order of the qualities which compose him, resolution should walk hand in hand with judgment—I mean heroic judgment, the principal use of which is to distinguish the extraordinary from the impossible."

"Upon men of small understanding nothing makes so deep an impression as what they do not understand."

"When fear rises to a certain height it produces the same effects as temerity. Fear never applies the proper remedy."

"We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false."

"A man who distrusts himself never truly confides in any one."

"Men never believe others can do what they cannot do themselves."

"The effects of weakness are inconceivable, and I maintain that they are far vaster than those of the most violent passions."

"I have remarked that ill-founded enmities are ever the most obstinate. The reason of this is clear. As offences of that kind exist only in the imagination, they never fail to grow and swell in that receptacle, too fruitful in evil fancies."

"To commonplace people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed."

☞ OLD, BUT FRUITFUL.—"The Lord Raleigh grapevine," which was growing when Sir Walter landed at Roanoke Island in 1610, and was then but three inches in diameter, is now spoken of as one of the largest vines in the world. It covers one and a half acres, and last year yielded forty-six barrels of wine—one thousand eight hundred and forty gallons in all—which sold for $2 per gallon, yielding $3,680.

Amateur Theatricals.

Of course, the first step is to choose the play. The preference of the performers, as to the kind of piece to be enacted, having been definitely ascertained, a committee should be appointed to select the particular piece, and no change of programme should then be permitted. This course is essential, because, if it be not strictly followed, everybody will be offering suggestions and insisting on plans which can only have the effect of destroying all concert of action. The chief trouble with amateurs is that they aim too high; that they want to do more than they have the mind or means of doing. They have an ardent prejudice in favor of Shakspeare or Schiller when Robertson or Boucicault is fully up to their level. As a rule, historic dramas are to be avoided. They require scenery, costumes and properties, both difficult and expensive to get. Moreover, historic characters are hard to portray—quite beyond the intellectual range of an amateur company. Contemporaneous pieces, especially light comedies and farces, are comparatively easy of representation, and the actors and actresses are all more or less at home in them, from the fact that the mimic scene is but a variation of their own lives.

Among the simplest and easiest pieces of this sort are "The Conjugal Lesson," "The Morning Call," "Love and Rain;" these require but a single scene and two characters; or, "Box and Cox," "Delicate Ground," "Winning a Wife," "A Cup of Tea," "The Victor Vanquished," for three characters; "Betsy Baker," "Bombastes Furioso," "Villikins and his Dinah," need four persons; while "Perfection," "Cool as a Cucumber," "To Oblige Benson," "Poor Pillicoddy," "Popping the Question," "Two Bonnycastles," "Woodcock's Little Game," "Everybody's Friend," "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," "The Loan of a Lover," "Too Much for Good Nature" and "Checkmate" require from five players upward; all are good and perfectly practicable.

Many amateurs are so ambitious that they will not rest content with less than a five act or at least a three act play. Their ambition is often in an inverse ratio to their ability (it is an adage of the green-room that every supernumerary thinks he knows how to render Hamlet and Othello to perfection); but it is well sometimes to give them an opportunity to see how much or how little they can accomplish by their lofty soaring. They can take for example "A Cure for the Heartache," "The Heir at Law," "The Honeymoon," "The Rivals," "Road to Ruin," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Sweethearts and Wives," "The Wonder," "Fazio," "Ingomar," "Clandestine Marriage," "Jealous Wife," "The Inconstant" or "Belle's Stratagem." These, however, demand, for anything like effective rendering, a regular stage, with a variety of scenery, costume and properties, besides marked talent and large experience in acting.

THE PARTY MAN WHOSE KIDS DIDN'T FIT.

One of the correspondents of Hearth and Home draws this little picture of a "society man" in difficulties:

"I had a curious encounter the other night. It was a madman—in Mrs. Brimlow's elegant gentlemen's dressing-room—'first floor front for gentlemen'—as the dusky doorkeeping automaton down-stairs had just informed me. Just inside the above-indicated door I encountered a man. I know it was a man—you can always tell them at a party. They wear very thin, narrow boots; very tight pants; very low vests; very startling lockets; very spiky dress coats; very distinguished ties under very exemplary collars; very waxy mustaches, and part their hair very near the middle—very. Indeed your average party man is a sort of a mild superlative all the way through—inside and out. But if I had entertained any doubts at all concerning his masculinity, they would have been dispelled by the muttered oaths that came struggling from under his mustache and through his compressed lips. It certainly was a man. I knew him by his clothes and his swear. And he was mad. I said so, and I stick to it. His face was red, and his brow contracted, his step impatient, and he bore all over the appearance of one who is trying to keep his feelings under control, and that, too, with very indifferent success. He was evidently struggling with something, and at last I comprehended the situation; he was trying to squeeze his hands—which usually accommodated nines—into a pair of white kids that were only eights and a half.

"Certainly a very trifling affair to get mad at; but just try it yourself once, as he said to me: 'There's my lady waiting impatiently in the next room for me to take her down-stairs! and here I am yet, sweating and swearing over these confounded gloves. See, I've just got one on!' and he held up a rather cloudy white, which looked as though the seams were trying to meet each other through the poor man's hand, making the parts where they weren't appear like miniature canvas bellying before the wind—'and now this here other one won't come. By George! I wish goats would eat their own kids—so that—whew! there the old thing goes! Confound it!' and sure enough, an enormous rent revealed a great deal of red hand between two sections of rather rumpled looking kid. He looked like a man whose light had gone out—a man who was sent for and couldn't come—who thought he would and then wished he hadn't—and just as he was getting up an especial malediction appropriate to the occasion, Black John appears with a grin and a jerk: 'Please, sah! Miss Grimsby wants to know if you are expecting to go down to the parlors this evening?' And so there was nothing else to be done, and the poor fellow descended, with an incensed lady, a torn glove, a harrowed spirit—all because his kids were half a size too small."

Incremation.

Sir Henry Thompson still continues his papers on cremation in the English magazines, and is now engaged in replies to his critics. His premises are: The horrible character of the changes in the dead body after burial, the decomposition of gases, and contamination of the atmosphere above and water beneath; the impossibility of intramural interment without ensuing sickness, and the fact that most extramural cemeteries will, in course of time, come in contact with a growing population. On the other hand, incremation is perfect, clean, not unhealthy, consonant to reason and law, and preferable to slow decomposition in the ground. A body weighing one hundred and seventy pounds can be reduced to ashes in less than an hour, the resultant being "a fine sublimate, and not a portion of refuse." In fact, in a Siemens furnace a body weighing two hundred and twenty-seven pounds can be burned in fifty-five minutes, and the ashes, which will weigh about five pounds, can be removed with ease and leaves no trace of noxious matter. In conclusion, the argument in reference to the difficulty of tracing poison is answered.

A Good Deed Brings $1,000,000 to a Florida Man.

We find the following in a Jacksonville, Florida, paper of recent date:—More than twenty years ago Major Waldo A. Blossom, who is now in Jacksonville, was a resident of Washington. While there, chance cast in his way a young man named Larimer, in whom he became deeply interested. Larimer had been led astray by the influence of wicked associations, and was utterly dissolute and dissipated—to all appearance a moral and physical wreck.

It is more than probable that Major Blossom discovered redeeming qualities in the young man, notwithstanding the depths to which dissipation had brought him, for the "Samaritan" rescued him from the gutter, gave him a pleasant home, assisted him by counsel and the aid of fine social influences to make himself a new man. After his reformation was effected, the young man returned to his parents, who resided in Colorado, and for a number of years his generous benefactor heard nothing of him.

In December of last year, Major Blossom's attention was called to an advertisement in a Boston paper, over the signature of "Larimer," inquiring the address of W. A. Blossom. He responded to the inquiry, and soon received a letter from the parents of his former protegé, in Castello county, Colorado, informing him that their son, in dying, had willed his property to him, in gratitude for the kind deeds of years agone.

The letter, which feelingly alluded to this act, gave the sequel to the reformed man's life. He applied himself vigorously to business after his return to Colorado, became an honorable and useful member of society, and in a few years amassed a large fortune, all of which, valued at $1,000,000, will fall into the possession of Major Blossom, next June.

No act of genuine charity is ever lost. Somewhere in the conservatory of good deeds the plant will put forth its blossoms and shed its perfume, perhaps in the balm and brilliance of the eternal morning, perhaps in the subdued light and murky atmosphere of the mortal life.

Our Changing Bodies.—Our bodies are constantly changing. The dead matter passes off by the bowels and the pores, and digestion and assimilation supply fresh material. This material cannot be pure, and consequently the body cannot be healthy, unless the stomach and the secretive organs perform their allotted tasks thoroughly and regularly. That they may do so keep them in good working order with that most efficient of all invigorating, regulating and purifying preparations, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. If you wish your blood to be really the "stream of life," to have your bones clothed with sound flesh, to be exempt from nervousness and debility, to be clear-headed and cheerful; in short, to possess that choicest of Heaven's blessings, a sound mind in a sound body, resort to the great vegetable restorative whenever you feel languid, or suffer from indigestion, or are bilious or low spirited, or suffering from any derangement of the animal functions. The relief is immediate, and full restoration certain.

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

"The Blood is the Life." When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself, would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this field and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will all return to us. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre eminently the articles needed. They are warranted to cure Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash or Erysipelas, Ring-Worms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores or Swellings, Affections of the Skin, Throat and Bones, and Ulcers of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Lungs.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

WOMEN'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

There are instances enough, no doubt, of thoughtless extravagance among women, especially in dress, but the opposite tendency is far more common. Such is the disposition toward self-denial and unnecessary economy, that women need to be well watched and prevented from sacrificing themselves. "You do too much sewing," said a friend, to a young married lady, sitting at her machine for hours together, manufacturing dainty garments. "Do you think so?" was all the reply, and no impression was made by the remark. For it had never occurred to her to spend more than enough to purchase the fine material and beautiful embroidery she was working with. To purchase the making up also, was her friend's idea, but it did not enter her mind even when suggested, though nothing could be more reasonable. The close economy of the early years of marriage was no longer necessary, as business was flourishing, but the habit of exertion and self-denial was not so easily relaxed. Long after the mother looked back regretfully to that period of her life, when ease and freedom from care, and leisure for congenial pursuits—wise self-indulgence in fact on her part would have been worth immeasurably more than the slight money saving from her labor. She could not help connecting the nervous, anxious temperament of her child with the worry of learning to sew on the machine. Those invaluable domestic helpers were new things then, and it was hardly realized, in the first delight at their efficiency, how tormenting they could be at times, when something was wrong. To work on a machine at all was ill-judged under the circumstances, considering there was no necessity for effort. Women need to be taken care of in this respect; made to enjoy life as much as possible, at times when results of incalculable importance depend upon their well-being. Often they have only themselves to blame for too much or unsuitable work; but often, also, the pressure of necessity, real or imagined, is brought to bear upon them in a way that argues an incredible lack of thought and feeling.

It is not a pleasant subject, but it really needs consideration here in America where the habits of a new country are not yet outgrown. In England there are established usages according to the income. Nothing but poverty, with the slavery to material things which it necessitates, imposes unnatural burdens upon the young mother. But here there is many an instance of this going on after all excuse for it has ceased. A rich farmer will spend in every other direction before giving a thought to the most important one. Every living thing on his place will be wisely cared for except his hard-working wife; and the immeasurable mischief and utter folly of such neglect never seem to occur to him. Yet the husband may not be deliberately cold and cruel, only blinded by custom, and stumbling on in the dark. Life is to him also like the grind and crust and din of some huge engine. If he fails to perceive that her days are joyless it is because his own are so. Yet the poverty may be wholly imaginary. Suppose this sacrifice of his family is suddenly revealed to him in all its enormity; and on the other side a beautiful vision, more like heaven than earth, of what is yet possible for him to do. Where there is a will there is a way. If human help cannot be hired, there are labor-saving machines in endless variety, invented by men who felt if they did not know that their proper business was to minister to the mothers of the race, and accordingly applied themselves to the problem of making work easy. Then how cheap and simple are the small luxuries in which women delight! A little tasteful furniture, a space around the house for flowers, a vine-wreathed piazza with easy chairs, and a nice paper like the Post coming regularly with its stores of refreshment for mind and soul. Of all cheap luxuries, good reading is in this day the cheapest; and there are no words to tell how good it feels to leave the world of drudgery behind you, and enter by that charmed door the vast illimitable magic realm, astir with potent forces that recreate you a new being. Many a woman would rather save and stint in every possible way than forego this dearest pleasure, and she is right. If there is any starving to be done, let the mind at least have its turn to be fed.

The extravagant women are few and far between, the women who are easily satisfied, and who need to be guarded from self-immolation, are everywhere. S. P.

A Grand Cathedral.

A correspondent, writing from the city of Mexico, says: "I cannot pretend to give a description of the Cathedral. I never saw so much gold and silver used as ornaments in the interior of a building in all my life—solid silver columns, ten or twelve feet high, supporting golden candlesticks, surrounded every altar; bronze railings protect the precious decorations from the cupidity of the devout worshippers. In every recess was an altar, at some of which during my visit, ladies, gorgeously attired, were kneeling on the bare floor beside the filthy Indians saying mass, and each alike dropping their fee—much or little, as the case might be—into the golden box which the priest held out. Paintings on the walls, gold trappings around the sacred alcoves, and burnished gold and silver in great masses behind the principal altar, make the interior one scene of splendor."

IRREPARABLE.

The sorrow of all sorrows
Was never sung or said,
Though many a poet borrows
The mourning of the dead,
And darkly hurles pleasure
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness
To all who think, or feel—
A wound no after gladness
Can ever wholly heal!
And yet, so many share it,
We learn at last to bear it.

The faltering and the failing
Of friends is sadder still;
For friends grown frail, assailing,
Know when and where to kill;
But souls themselves sustaining,
Have still a friend remaining!

The death of those who love us,
And those we love, is sore:
But think they are above us,
Or think they are no more—
We bear the blows that sever,
We cannot weep for ever!

The sorrow of all sorrows
Is deeper than all these,
And all that anguish borrows
Upon its bended knees:
No tears nor prayers relieve it,
No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken,
And find that love is flown,
And cannot be o'ertaken,
And we are left alone;
No woe that can be spoken,
No heart that can be broken!

No wish for love's returning,
Or something in its stead;
No mieaing it, and yearning
As for the dearer dead;
No yesterday, no morrow,
But everlasting sorrow!

R. H. STODDARD.

LISZT THE PIANIST.

I am having the most heavenly time here in Weimar, studying with Liszt, and sometimes I can scarcely realize that I am at that summit of my ambition—to be his pupil! It was the Frau von S.'s letter that secured it for me, I am sure. He is so overrun with people, that I think it a wonder he is civil to anybody, but he is the most amiable man I ever knew, though he can be dreadful too, when he chooses, and he understands how to put people outside his door in as short a space of time as it can be done. I go to him three times a week. At home Liszt doesn't wear his long abbe's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. His figure is remarkably slight, but his head is most imposing. It is so delicious in that room of his! It was all furnished and put in order for him by the Grand Duchess herself. The walls are pale gray, with a gilded border running round the room, or rather, two rooms, which are divided, but not separated, by crimson curtains. The furniture is crimson, and everything is so comfortable, such a contrast to German bareness and stiffness generally. A splendid grand piano stands in one window (he receives a new one every year). The other window is always wide open and looks out on the park. There is a dove-cote just opposite the window, and the doves promenade up and down on the roof of it, and fly about, and sometimes whir down on the sill itself. That pleases Liszt. His writing-table is beautifully fitted up with things that all match. Everything is in bronze, ink-stand, paper-weight, match-box, etc., and there is always a lighted candle standing on it by which he and the gentlemen can light their cigars. There is a carpet on the floor—a rarity in Germany—and Liszt generally walks about, and smokes, and mutters (he can never be said to talk), and calls upon one or other of us to play. From time to time he will sit down and play himself, where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or the thousand "nuances" that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to the tempest, the whole scale is equally at his command. I've begun to study now in an entirely new way, and I feel that every time I go to him it is worth a thousand dollars to me.

* * * * *

He is the most interesting and striking looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelean expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieux to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow—not with affectation, or as in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic. But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. I cannot imagine how he must look when he is playing. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. I have heard the most remarkable stories about him already. When he walks out in Weimar he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a house beautifully situated on the park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it.—*From the April Atlantic.*

English Colliers.

The luxurious habits of the collier of the present day were not long since satirized by Punch, whose artist represented him in the act of buying the pineapple a fine lady was unable to afford. If we may believe the following anecdote, told by a Staffordshire journal regarding the habits of the mining population, this satire did not contain even the usual legitimate amount of exaggeration. A professional man entered a provision dealer's shop in one of the mining districts, and pointing to some sealed tins, inquired what they contained. "Grouse and partridges, sir," replied the dealer. "How many birds are there in each tin, and what do you charge?" "There's one bird in each tin, and they are half-a-crown each." "Thank you; that's more than I can afford." "No offence, sir, but we did not lay them in for gentlemen like you. We got them for the miners. A miner called with his wife half-an-hour ago, and asked the same questions as you have. When I had answered them, he said, 'Missis, we'll ha' two of them for tea.'"

FREE PLATFORM.

[We have failed to receive the usual article from "Temperance" this week. In its absence, we insert an article from "Prohibition."]

THE SCRIPTURAL WINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—What do all the arguments of "No Fanatic" amount to, based upon the making and drinking of Wine in Judea in the times of the Apostles?

The question with us is not, whether we shall allow the manufacture and selling of the Judean wine, which no doubt was a comparatively harmless article, but of the fiery wines, stupefying beer, and deadly brandy and whisky which are sold in the United States? That is the question.

But a word as to what that Judean wine really was. Our Saviour, in his institution of the Sacrament of the Communion, at the last supper, used the expression, "fruit of the vine." Now, by a reference to the story of Joseph, in the old Testament, it is shown that it was the custom at the Court of Pharaoh for the cup-bearer to take a bunch of grapes, and squeeze the juice into a cup, and hand it at once to the monarch to drink. Then how does "No Fanatic" know that the cup from which our Saviour drank was not filled in the same way? If I remember rightly, the word "wine" is not used by either of the Evangelists in recording what took place.

I notice, moreover, that at a recent meeting in New York, the following occurred:—

Prof. Lewey, the Rabbi, who has been converted to the Baptist ministry, was invited to give the Jewish interpretation of the wine our Saviour made. He was sorry to hear of Dr. Crosby's words. The doctor, he said, is one of the best Hebrew scholars, and ought to be better informed as to the Jewish customs. Every Friday and Saturday evening and every holiday in the Jewish synagogue there is a service in substitution of a sacrifice in which wine is used. This wine is made from a pound of raisins, chopped fine, and a quart of cold water. It is left to stand from Thursday evening until Saturday, and it makes the best wine of all, and so long as I am a minister of the gospel I shall make it and use it at my sacrament. I believe it is the wine that Christ made, and so do all the Jews. When He went to the feast in Cana, he found no wine, and when asked to make more wine used the recipe given, and the governor complained that the best wine was held for the last.

Dr. Tone asked whether the Jews at any marriage feast used fermented wine. Prof. Lewey said they did not.

Now, if this statement of Jewish customs be correct, and certainly one who has been a Jewish Rabbi ought to be well informed on such points, it would prove that no wine, in the strict sense of the word, was ever used at marriage feasts, or in the regular Jewish services. Of course the "fruit of the vine" might have been this simple, unfermented wine made from raisins and water.

But, as I said, granting that it would be allowable to drink an innocent, comparatively harmless wine like that drank in Judea, how does this touch the case before us. We are discussing the expediency, yea absolute necessity, of prohibiting the sale of beer, strong wines and whisky, if we would not become a nation of drunkards.

One thing more—the liquors we are warring against, as if they were not sufficiently poisonous in themselves, are drugged to make them still more poisonous. Read the following extract from a Cincinnati paper—

HOW "OLD BOURBON" IS MADE.

The art of adulterating liquors is carried on as extensively as their manufacture, and the evils widespread as their use. If mere dilution were the only crime involved, it might be pardonable, but such are the uses of chemistry now-a-days that we drink "Old Bourbon" made of potatoes, and smack our lips over it with a relish. A very fine imitation of whisky is made of the following form: To forty gallons pure spirits add five gallons of Scotch or Irish whisky, quarter ounce of creosote, dissolved in one pint of alcohol, one pound of loaf sugar. There's a nice constitutional drink for you. But if you want to neutralize whisky so as to make a basis for various liquors, you add to forty gallons 1½ pounds unslacked lime, ¾ pounds of alum and one-half pint of spirits of nitre, and let it stand twenty-four hours, then pour off, and with other mixtures you can produce brandy, rum, gin, and Madeira, Malaga, sherry and port wines, into which cider enters as a component.

ADULTERATION OF WINES.

Of course, the greater part of the wine drunk is manufactured, cider being largely used as a basis. The most expensive wines are adulterated, but a good price will always procure good wine. The low priced sherries come over without concealment for what they are. Sherry, of the brown kind, is mingled with Cape wine and cheap brandy, the workings of brandy casks, sugar candy, bitter almonds and similar preparations. The color, if too great for pale sherry, is taken out by addition of a small quantity of lamb's blood; it is then passed off for the best. The softness of good sherry is closely imitated. Gum benzoin is used to produce the counterfeit brown sherry, which, in the real wine, is given by "boiled must."

Everybody knows, who knows anything about the subject at all, that champagne is enormously adulterated, that frauds are common in that kind of wine, and yet it is always in demand at balls, large parties, "free blows" and popular celebrations. There is an extensive bogus champagne mill in this city, but the drinkers of Cincinnati are too wide awake to patronize it to any great extent. The genuine article is too familiar and too good to be displaced by any bogus imitation.

The most amazing thing about drinks is the popular blindness to the open and apparent

ADULTERATION OF WHISKY.

Bourbon in the original package is really a rarity. "It comes in a reddish brown jug, with a corn-cob stopper, the handle broken off, a string round the neck, and a stick through the string. It is an amber-colored fluid, that smells like Bourbon, tastes like Bourbon, and upon the authority of competent judges, is Bourbon," but it is reserved for the very few only to taste it ever. The heedless multitude who rush up to the bar and "gulp," never so much as smell it. Fusel oil and verdigris, burnt sugar and neutral spirits, are the ingredients of their favorite poison; the genuine juice of corn—never. And it is not to be wondered that whisky venders grow rich. They charge from ten to forty cents for a mouthful of drink of very questionable quality at best, which never costs them over two dollars a gallon.

Now I would like to know of "No Fanatic," whether he considers manufacturers who cheat and swindle and poison the public in the modes above described, have any claims upon either our sympathy or our forbearance? PROHIBITION.

CAUSES OF LIQUOR-DRINKING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It seems to me that when we consider the universality of liquor-drinking—how from the time of Noah men have planted vineyards, made wine, and drank temperately and intemperately thereof—we should naturally, as sensible men and women, conclude that there must be some deep-seated craving in the human constitution for the use of stimulants.

For is there any wide-spread abuse which is not the exaggeration of some simple and healthful use? Thus in the kindred case of Gluttony, of which a recent medical authority writes:—

It is certain that over-feeding as well as over-drinking is a great evil, and produces its yearly hecatombs of victims, who are looked upon as innocent sufferers, while their colleagues, the over-drinkers, are severely dealt with in respectable society. The tendency to fatty degeneration of muscular and other tissues is much on the increase. The disease quietly gains ground, though the victim seems the picture of health to the uninitiated. It is one of the causes of the increase of sudden deaths. Rich living and fatty meats, with little exercise, do their work unsuspected, and produce as much disease as any of the recognized causes of typhoid and other maladies.

Now while every moralist and physiologist denounces Gluttony, or the intemperate use of food, no one denounces the temperate use of eatables—though probably the only reason that all eating is not denounced by certain schools of ascetics is because it is absolutely impossible to live without eating.

The craving for stimulating liquors, including tea and coffee as well as the alcoholic liquors, being we may fairly say universal, seems to prove the existence of certain universal reasons for their use. And if we can determine what those reasons are, we shall throw considerable light upon the possibility of persuading mankind to dispense with them, as also upon the advantages and disadvantages of their so doing.

We may say in the first place, that it is necessary that men should drink something—fluids being even more necessary than solids to our continued bodily existence. What shall that something be? "Water! Water!" cry out our Total Abstinence friends. "Pure water, which has been created for that very purpose, and an inexhaustible supply of which has been distributed all over the habitable globe."

But are these statements strictly true? Of course we all know that not one gallon in ten thousand of the water on the globe is fit to drink. The old toper who spoke of water being a very good thing "for purposes of navigation," was not so very far from the mark. A man may die of thirst on any of the great Oceans—where there is

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

And of the water spread over the Continents, the proportion that is well fitted, without further preparation, for drinking purposes, is comparatively small. Men do accustom themselves to drinking the snow-water of the Swiss valleys, notwithstanding the goitre it occasions, and the limestone water of the Western States, and of other large sections of the earth, notwithstanding the diseases of the digestive organs it produces all through life, and the calcareous deposits which gather about the joints in old age. But that one-fourth of the water of the springs and rivers is a suitable drink for human beings, is what we think no one who closely examines the subject will be apt to assert. No Frenchman, at least no Parisian, thinks of drinking water without putting something into it, because the water of a large portion of France is so impregnated with lime as to make it dangerous. Just as many Eastern people, accustomed to the soft water at home, find it impossible to drink with safety the limestone water of the West. Of course there are a few people, with a natural tendency to costiveness, who seem to thrive on hard water; though even they no doubt ultimately often suffer from the calcareous deposits resulting from an excess of lime in the system.

Now we have very little doubt that one great reason of the excessive use of whisky in the Western States, is that it seems to be a corrective of the bad water. And there is also little doubt that beer and wine are drank so extensively in England and on the Continent of Europe for the same cause. For the practical question generally, is not between the drinking of spirituous liquors and good, wholesome water—which latter is not always, we may add, the chemically purest water—but between the drinking of unwholesome water, and said water corrected by the addition of tea, coffee, or alcoholic liquors.

Even in those parts of the country where the water is comparatively good, so little attention is paid to it, that it often becomes impure to the extent of being a fruitful source of disease and death. We have heard of a country family, Total Abstainers, who could no longer drink water, and drank tea constantly instead—and we may add here, that Tea-tippling is probably far more injurious to the general health than wine or beer tippling. Now it was not the appetite of the family which was in fault—we have little doubt it was the water, into which the slops from the kitchen, or perhaps a worse thing, had been allowed to drain. As the *London Lancet*, high medical authority, recently said:—

The dangers of bad milk are engrossing so much attention just now, that there is reason to fear lest the far greater danger of bad waters should, for the time, be overlooked. We trust this serious error will not be committed. For one sample of dangerous milk, a thousand of dangerous water could be obtained in almost any part of the country. *Let it never be forgotten that very few rivers or wells are safe sources of water supply, and that many are as unsafe as loaded fire-arms.* The shallow wells of villages are among the worst pests of the country; and it is high time that a zealous and well-organized crusade should be brought to bear upon them. It is sickening, in most country places, to observe the uniformity with which the cesspool and well are made to stand side by side, as though each was necessary to the other; and to think of the twenty feet or so of foul, sewage-reeking soil through which the water percolates to its fetid bed. It is always possible to provide a city or town with good water, but in a village, where houses are few, money scarce, and intelligence scarcer, it is often a matter of exceeding difficulty.

It is not long since a large number of people at the capital of this State were made seriously ill by the hydrant water—some dying, if we remember rightly. And we see by the papers that Harrisburg is again suffering from the same cause.

As to well water, it is said by the medical authorities that often the most dangerous and deadly water, into which the drainings from some adjacent cesspool flow, looks peculiarly bright and clear, while there is nothing in it revolting to the taste. And yet it is typhoid fever to drink it.

If the commission appointed by Congress to examine into the liquor traffic would also give a careful examination into this kindred subject of unwholesome water, we think they would be a little doubtful as to whether bad water or bad whisky was the most fruitful cause of disease and death.

Now, in view of these undeniable facts, it is one of the most curious instances of the want of common sense which prevails upon the subject of Temperance, that its wildest advocates never seem to give a moment's thought to the importance of insuring every one an abundant supply of good, wholesome water. One would think that people who were laboring with all their might to compel the communities in which they live to confine themselves to water alone, would feel bound to see that a supply of good water was easily obtainable—but this, which ought to be the first, seems to be the very last thing that enters into their minds.

So important is this matter of the water supply, and so small the proportion of really good, perfectly wholesome water in the world, that we doubt very much that the absolute cessation of the use of spirituous liquors would be attended, as things now are, with any increase of the general health of the community. And this is looking at the matter in its relation to water alone. But liquor is moreover a corrective of the evils resulting from the intemperate eating of food, and also, which is more important, of the evils which result from the eating of improperly prepared food, and of a deficient variety of even good food. It also is craved by the system in all regions subject to malarious influences. And these three causes, bad water, bad food, and bad air, in conjunction with the excessive hurry and "wear and tear" of American life, are the true causes of that excessive craving for stimulants of all kinds, the consequences of which are seen in wide-spread Intemperance.

Now if this view of the matter be correct, the friends of Temperance, instead of bending their energies so persistently toward prohibiting the sale of liquors, should seek to remove the causes which create the excessive craving. Let them, in the first place, do all they can to place an unlimited supply of good, wholesome water at the door of every man. Let them also turn their attention to the draining of swamps and all pools of standing water, and to the planting of sun-flowers, willows and such other trees as are found to absorb the miasmatic influences. Let them—and this is a field which would absorb the energies of all the reformatory women in the land—let them pay particular care to the procuring and preparation of proper food for their families, and thus prevent that craving for liquor which is so often the consequence of partaking of sour bread, saleratus cakes, and greasy pies and meats. Finally, let all set their faces against that overtasking of the physical and mental energies in the pursuit of wealth, which is the marked characteristic of American life—an Intemperance of Living, which naturally leads first to exhaustion, and then to the intemperate use of stimulating drinks to repair that exhaustion.

This may be a slow work; but, you may depend upon it, it is the fastest possible mode of reaching the desired end.

NO FANATIC.

FOREVER.

The mulberry flowers came drooping down
Sweet over the two that stood together,
Parting there by the gateway brown,
Still and sad in the soft May weather.
He held her close for a last long kiss:
"I will wait for you, dear," she said, "forever!
No later hour shall be false to this;
For mine is a love that can alter never!"

The mulberry flowers drop down once more
Sweet over the two that stand together;
But not the two that stood before.
Parting sad in the soft May weather!
For the earth has changed its bloom again,
And the love has changed that could alter never,
But a year has come and gone since then!
And that is the length of a girl's forever!

VENICE—ITS COMMERCE.

Rome is not the only city which has been awakened from the sleep of ages, and is putting on the garments of modern civilization. It has taken longer to stir up old Venice than it took to stir up old Rome; but even the city of the doges has taken a start, which is surprising to the city of the popes. A recent letter from Venice gives an interesting account of the changes that are in progress there. Vast basins have been constructed for the largest vessels, which are brought close to the cars, so that their cargoes can be discharged and immediately sent to the interior. New docks have been built; shipbuilding is flourishing; costly improvements are in progress at the railway station—and there is a prospect of a branch railroad which will bring the city in immediate communication with the Brenner pass. The commerce of Venice has already greatly increased, and she is securing, at least in some measure, the commercial relations she had with the Oriental world during the middle ages. Through the city at large, numerous changes are in process of execution; and those who have gazed on the glory of St. Mark's, will be glad to hear that the miserable little shops which have clustered about the Campanile for centuries, have just been torn down. If the unification and liberation of Italy be offensive to the Pope, they have certainly been the means of elevating the condition of the Italian people.

Signature of the Cross.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signatures, is in the form of a cross; and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The clerious, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could, and those who could not, write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as *the mark* generally adopted. Hence the origin of the expression, "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

The Courtesies of Life.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned:—"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting and standing."

WIT AND HUMOR.

JOKES FROM HARPER.

JERRY MOODY'S TESTIMONY.

The following, sent to us by a Southern gentleman, is a brief report, not heretofore in print, of a law case, which came up some years ago in the Circuit Court of Chesterfield, Virginia. The judge, a very good-natured man, was rather a favorite with the people. His name was Clopton. The suit was for slander, and had assumed the form of a cross-suit for the improper use of the unruly member. Counsel on each side was of the highest standing. All Virginians will assent to this when told that Samuel Taylor was for the plaintiff and Benjamin Watkins Leigh for the defendant. The court being opened and the case being called, the judge said:

"Mr Taylor, are you ready in this cause?"

Mr. Taylor replied, "If Jerry Moody is here, I am ready."

"Mr. Leigh, are you ready?"

"May it please your honor, I am ready if Jerry Moody is here."

"Sheriff, call Jerry Moody."

The sheriff went to the door, and lustily called thrice for Jerry Moody to come into court. So Jerry, a tall, thin, straight man, came forward. The jury were sworn. Then Jerry was sworn. In his solemn and forcible manner Mr. Taylor said to him:

"Be so good as to tell the court and jury all you know about this case."

Witness said, "Well, I have often heard the defendant say that the plaintiff was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and I have often heard the plaintiff say that the defendant was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and they were the only times I ever heard either of them tell the truth."

The counsel looked at each other. The Court was embarrassed. The parties were confounded. Jerry Moody was the only man quite self-possessed. Of course the case was thrown out of court. As the parties and witness were walking out of the court-house, the plaintiff said, "Cousin Jerry, you joke too hard."

THE OBLIGATION OF AN OATH.

We are indebted to a legal friend in St. Paul, Minnesota, for the following:

In October last the case of Frank Davis (colored) against the Northeastern Union Packet Company was on trial in the District Court at Dubuque, Iowa, before Judge Wilson, and plaintiff's attorney examined several colored "roustabouts," one of whom was excluded on the ground of not knowing the nature of an oath. Colonel J. Ham Davidson, defendant's attorney, placed on the stand a colored "scrubber" from the steamer Lake Superior, whereupon plaintiff's attorney raised the question of his competency to testify. Judge Wilson proceeded to interrogate him, and the result was pronounced satisfactory, amidst roars of laughter from bar, jury and audience.

Judge—"Do you understand the nature and obligation of an oath?"

Witness—"Don't 'zactly understan' what dat means."

Judge—"Do you know what you are to do when you are sworn to give your evidence?"

Witness (rolling up the whites of his eyes)—"I do dat; I's to tell de troof."

Judge—"What will happen to you if you don't tell the truth?"

Witness—"Jege, dat dar ain't gwine to happen."

Judge—"Well, I presume it won't happen; but suppose it should, what would happen to you?"

Witness—"Well, sah, I 'spect I'd be handled for dat."

Judge—"How would you be handled?"

Witness—"Well, sah, boaf ways—by dis court and by de Lord."

Judge—"Which way would be the worst?"

Witness—"Well, sah, I 'spect boaf 'of 'em would make it mighty hot for dis chile; 'specially de las' way!"

His evidence was taken without further objection.

DISTANCES IN COLORADO.

A correspondent in Georgetown, Colorado, vouches for the truthfulness of the following:

It is well known that in high altitudes, owing to the rarefied air, objects are visible at a great distance; and from the city of Denver, the Rocky Mountains, although some sixteen miles distant, seem but a very short way off. An English gentleman, a tourist, came in on the Kansas Pacific train one morning, fresh from the old country, stopped at the Inter-Ocean Hotel in Denver, and soon made the acquaintance of two of the "old citizens." The Britisher was captivated with the appearance of the mountains, and suggested to the two "old citizens" that, as the mountain range was such a very short distance from the city, they should all take a walk to it, and return in time for dinner. The two "old citizens" saw a chance for some fun, and immediately consented. The trio started west, and walked toward the mountains for some two hours and a half, and the mountains seemed as far away as ever. The Englishman was a good walker, and kept a little in advance of his friends. Finally they saw him deliberately sit down as he came to a small irrigating ditch, perhaps two feet wide, and begin taking off his boots and stockings. When they came up to where he was sitting they asked him, in some surprise, what he was doing that for. The Englishman said he was going to wade the stream. Both the "old citizens," looking at him in astonishment, asked him why he didn't step across it.

"Step across it?" replied the Britisher; "step across it! Not I! What do I know about distances in your blarsted country?"

EARLY AND JACKSON.

We believe it was General Robert E. Lee who used in a familiar way to call General Early "my bad old general." We have been favored with the following anecdote of Early, as showing that his fondness for fun was as strong as his fondness for fighting. After the battle of Sharpsburg, General Stonewall Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some dancing polkas, others weeping, others singing bacchanalian songs and psalm tunes. Early had tried to terrify the troops with a report that the huts on the mountains were full of small-pox. But it wouldn't do. Finally, an orderly rode up and handed him this dispatch from General Jackson:

HEAD QUARTERS, LEFT WING.

Sir—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division to-day. A. S. PENDLETON.

To this polite note the grim old soldier got a bit of paper and pencilled the following reply:

HEAD QUARTERS, EARLY'S DIVISION.

Captain—In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers to-day is that he rode in rear of my division.

Respectfully, J. A. EARLY.

Jackson, who appreciated the good points of the old man, concluded that the investigation had proceeded sufficiently, and let it drop.

"ON THE RAMPARTS BARE STOOD THE LADY FAIR."

On the ramparts bare stood the lady fair,
And the cold winds around her blew,
She called to the warder to take good care,
And the warder was bold and true.

"Oh, warder! Guard the watch lights well—
Not a star is to be seen to-night;
But the breezes swell, and the signals tell
That the fleet of my lord is in sight."

"Oh, lady dear! the fire burns clear,
And the drawbridge is ready to fall,
And the yeoman stand by the road on the sand
To guard thy lord to his hall."

"Methinks I hear the battle rage
And the fugitives fly o'er the strand."
"'Tis only a page who brings this gage
That the fleet of thy lord is at hand."

"And dost thou tell that my lord is well?
Dost conquest crown his toil?"
"On victory's wings he met the sea-kings
And fought with the lord of the Isle."

"Let the castle gate be opened straight,
And the blazing torches light;
And haste, Montjoie, and wake my boy!—
He shall see his dear father to-night.

"And dost thou weep, when waked from sleep,
On a night of such festal glee?
Thou didst oft inquire if thou hadst a sire,
And a noble sire thou shalt see.

"So straight and so tall he stands in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace,
Though the deeds he hath done and the battles he hath won
Have marred and scarred his face.

"Betray no fear when the trumpets cheer,
For a soldier's boy thou art;
Thy blood must not quail at the cold iron mail
When pressed to a hero's heart.

"Thou wast but a babe when he went to fight;
Thou art now a sprightly boy;
Thy father will clasp thee with fond delight,
And thy mother will weep for joy.

"When weak and pale with many an ail
I held thee in my arms;
While others slept I prayed and wept,
And gazed on thy faded charms.

"'Sir Arthur's race will be lost,' I said,
'His honors a stranger shall seize;
The father will die in victory's bed,
And the boy will die of disease.'

"But rosy and sleek is thy youthful cheek,
And thy sire is crowned with success;
And unborn swains who till these plains
The line of Sir Arthur shall bless.

"Through the dubious gloom I see his plume,
And his well-known voice I hear;
From the battle's strife to thy son and wife,
Now welcome my lord most dear."

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. HARE'S DREAM.

The next day rose bright, warm, and cloudless, and the morning sun streamed into the bed-room of Mrs. Hare. Mr. and Mrs. Hare were of the old-fashioned class who knew nothing about dressing-rooms; their bed-room was very large, and they never used a dressing-room in their lives, or found the want of one. The justice rubbed his face to a shining brilliancy, settled on his morning wig and his dressing-gown, and then turned to the bed.

"What will you have for breakfast?"

"Thank you, Richard, I do not think that I can eat anything. I shall be glad of my tea; I am very thirsty."

"All nonsense," responded the justice, alluding to the intimation of not eating. "Have a poached egg?"

Mrs. Hare smiled at him and gently shook her head. "You are very kind, Richard, but I could not eat it this morning. Barbara may send up the smallest bit of dry toast. Would you please throw the window open before you go down; I should like to feel the air."

"You will get the air too near from this window," replied Mr. Justice Hare, opening the further one. Had his wife requested that further one to be opened, he would have opened the other; his own will and opinions were ever paramount. Then he descended.

A minute or two, and up ran Barbara, looking bright and fair as the morning, her pink muslin dress with its ribbons and its open white lace sleeves as pretty as she was. She leaned over to kiss her mother.

"Mamma, are you ill? And you have been so well lately; you went to bed so well last night! Papa says—"

"Barbara, dear," interrupted Mrs. Hare, glancing round the room with dread, and speaking in a deep whisper, "I have had one of those dreadful dreams again."

"Oh, mamma, how can you!" exclaimed Barbara, starting up in vexation—"How can you suffer a foolish dream so to overcome you as to make you ill? You have good sense in other matters; but, in this, you seem to put all sense away from you."

"Child, will you tell me how I am to help it?" returned Mrs. Hare, taking Barbara's hand and drawing her to her again. "I do not give myself the dreams; I cannot prevent their making me sick, prostrate, feverish. How can I help these things, I ask?"

At this moment the bed-room door was flung open, and the face of the justice, especially stern and cross then, was pushed in. So startled was Mrs. Hare, that she shook till she shook the pillow, and Barbara sprang away from the bed. Surely he had not distinguished their topic of conversation!

"Are you coming to make the breakfast to-day, or not, Barbara? Do you expect me to make it?"

"She is coming this instant, Richard," said Mrs. Hare, her voice more faint than usual. And the justice turned and stamped down again.

"Barbara, could your papa have heard me mention Richard?"

"No, no, mamma, impossible; the door was shut. I will bring up your breakfast myself, and then you can tell me the dream."

Barbara flew after Mr. Hare, poured out his coffee, saw him settle at his breakfast, with a plateful of grouse-pie before him, and then returned up-stairs with her mamma's tea and dry toast.

"Go on with your dream, mamma," she said.

"But your own breakfast will be cold, child."

"Oh, don't mind that. Did you dream of Richard?"

"Not very much of Richard; except that the old and continuous trouble, of his being away and unable to return, seemed to pervade it all through. You remember, Barbara, Richard asserted to us, in that short, hidden night visit, that he did not commit the murder; that it was another who did?"

"Yes, I remember it," replied Barbara. "Barbara, I am convinced he spoke the truth; I trust him implicity."

"I feel sure of it, also, mamma."

"I asked him, you remember, whether it was Otway Bethel who committed it; for I have always doubted Bethel, in an indefinite, vague manner. Richard replied it was not Bethel, but a stranger. Well, Barbara, in my dream I thought that stranger came to West Lynne, that he came to this house, here, and we were talking to him of it, conversing as we might with any other visitor. Mind you, we seemed to know that he was the one who actually did it; but he denied it. He wanted to put it upon Richard; and I saw him—yes I did, Barbara—whisper to Otway Bethel. But, oh, I cannot tell you the sickening horror that was upon me throughout, and seemed to be upon you also, lest he should make good his own apparent innocence, and crush Richard, his victim. I think the dread and horror awoke me."

"What was he like, this stranger?" asked Barbara, in a low tone.

"Well, I cannot quite tell you. The recollection of his appearance seemed to pass away from me with the dream. He was dressed as a gentleman, and we conversed with him as an equal."

Barbara's mind was full of Captain Thorn, but his name had not been mentioned to Mrs. Hare, and neither would she mention it now. She fell into deep thought, and Mrs. Hare had to speak twice before she could be aroused.

"Barbara, I say, don't you think this dream, coming uncalled for, uninduced, must forebode some ill? Rely upon it, something connected with that wretched murder is going to be stirred up again."

"You know, mamma, I do not believe in dreams," was Barbara's answer. "I think when people say, 'this dream is a sign of such and such a thing,' it is the greatest absurdity in the world. I wish you could remember what the man seemed like in your dream."

"I wish I could," answered Mrs. Hare, breaking off a particle of her dry toast. "All I remember is, that he appeared to be a gentleman."

"Was he tall? Had he black hair?"

Mrs. Hare shook her head. "I tell you, my dear, the remembrance has passed from me; so whether his hair was black or light I cannot say. I think he was tall; but he was sitting down, and Otway Bethel stood behind his chair. I seemed to feel that Richard was outside the door in hiding, trembling lest the man should go out and see him there; and I trembled too. Oh, Barbara, it was a distressing dream!"

"I wish you could avoid having them, mamma, for they seem to upset you very much."

"Why did you ask whether the man was tall, and had black hair?"

Barbara returned an evasive answer. It would not do to tell Mrs. Hare that her suspicions pointed to one particular quarter; it would have agitated her too greatly.

So vivid was the dream, she could scarcely persuade herself, when she awoke, that it was not real, and the murderer actually at West Lynne.

"Oh, Barbara, Barbara!" she exclaimed, in a wailing tone, "when will this mystery be cleared, and my own restored to me! Seven years ago he stole here to see us, and no tidings yet."

"People say that changes come every seven years, mamma," said Barbara, hopefully; "but I will go down and send you up some more tea."

"And guard your countenance well," returned her mother. "Don't let your father suspect anything. Remember his oath to bring Richard to justice. If he thought we dwelt on his innocence, there is no knowing what he might do to find him, he is so very just."

"So very cruel and unnatural, I call it, mamma. But never fear my betraying anything. But have you heard about Joyce?"

"No. What is it?"

"She had a severe fall while playing with little Isabel, and it is said she will be confined to bed for several weeks. I am very sorry for her." And, composing her face, she descended to the breakfast-room.

The dinner-hour at the Hares', when they were alone, was four o'clock, and it arrived that day as usual, and they sat down to table. Mrs. Hare was better then; the sunshine and the business of stirring life had in some measure effaced the visions of night, and restored her to her wonted frame of mind.

The cloth removed, the justice sat but a little while over his port wine, for he was engaged to smoke an after-dinner pipe with a brother magistrate, Mr. Justice Herbert.

"Shall you be home to tea, papa?" inquired Barbara.

"Is it any business of yours, young lady?"

"Oh, not in the least," answered Miss Barbara. "Only, if you had been coming home to tea, I suppose we must have waited, had you not been in time."

"I thought you said, Richard, that you were going to stay the evening with Mr. Herbert," observed Mrs. Hare.

"So I am," responded the justice. "But Barbara has a great liking for the sound of her own tongue."

The justice departed, striding pompously down the gravel walk. Barbara waltzed round the large room to a gleeful song, as it she felt his absence a relief. Perhaps she did. "You can have tea now, mamma, at any time you please, if you are thirsty, without waiting till seven," quoth she.

"Barbara!" said Mrs. Hare.

"What, mamma?"

"I am so sorry to hear of this calamity which has fallen upon Joyce! I should like to walk to East Lynne this evening, and inquire after her, and see her, if I may; it would be but neighborly. I feel quite equal to it. Since I have accustomed myself to take more exercise I feel better for it, you know; and we have not been out to-day. Poor Joyce! What time shall we go, Barbara?"

"If we were to get there by—by seven, I should think, their dinner will be over then."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hare, with alacrity, who was always pleased when somebody else decided for her. "But I should like some tea before we start, Barbara."

Barbara took care that her mamma should have some tea, and then they proceeded toward East Lynne. It was a lovely evening. The air warm, and the humming gnats sported in it, as if anxious to make the most of the waning summer. Mrs. Hare enjoyed it at first, but ere she reached East Lynne she became aware that the walk was too much for her. She did not usually venture upon half so long a one; and probably the fever and agitation of the morning had somewhat impaired her day's strength. She laid her hand upon the iron gate as they turned into the park, and stood still.

"I did wrong to come, Barbara."

"Lean on me, mamma. When you reach those benches, you can take a good rest before proceeding to the house. It is very warm, and that may have fatigued you."

They gained the benches, which were placed under some of the park trees, in front of the gates and the road, but not of the house, and Mrs. Hare sat down. Another minute, and they were surrounded. Mr. Carlyle, his wife, and sister, who were taking an after-dinner stroll amidst the flowers with their guest, Francis Levison, discerned them, and came up. The children, except the youngest, were of the party. Lady Isabel warmly welcomed Mrs. Hare; she had become quite attached to the delicate and suffering woman.

"A pretty one am I, am I not, Archibald, to come inquiring after one invalid, and am so much of an invalid myself that I have to stop half way?" Mrs. Hare exclaimed, as Mr. Carlyle took her hand. "I was so greatly concerned to hear of poor Joyce."

"You must stay the evening now you are here," cried Lady Isabel. "It will afford you a good rest; and tea will refresh you."

"Oh, thank you, but we have taken tea," said Mrs. Hare.

"That is no reason why you should not take some more," she laughed. "Indeed, you seem too fatigued to be anything but a prisoner with us for this next hour or two."

"I fear I am," answered Mrs. Hare.

"Who the dickens are they?" Captain Levison was muttering to himself, as he contemplated the guests from a distance. "It's a deuced lovely girl, whoever she may be. I think I'll approach; they don't look formidable."

He did approach, and the introduction was made: "Captain Levison; Mrs. Hare and Miss Hare." A few formal words, and Captain Levison disappeared again, challenging little William Carlyle to a foot-race.

"How very poorly your mamma looks!" Mr. Carlyle exclaimed to Barbara, when they were beyond the hearing of Mrs. Hare, who was busy talking with Lady Isabel and Miss Carlyle. "And she has appeared so much stronger lately; altogether better."

"The walk here has fatigued her; I feared it would be too long; so that she looks unusually pale," replied Barbara. "But what do you think it is that has upset her again, Mr. Carlyle?"

He turned his inquiring eyes on Barbara.

"Papa came down-stairs this morning, saying mamma was ill, that she had one of her old attacks of fever and restlessness. I declare, as papa spoke, I thought to myself could mamma have been dreaming some foolish dream again—for you remember how ill she used to be after them. I ran up-stairs, and the first thing mamma said to me was, that she had had one of those dreadful dreams."

"I fancied she must have outlived her fear of them; that her own plain sense had come to her aid long ago, showing her how futile dreams are, meaning nothing, even if here do occasionally touch upon that—that unhappy mystery."

"You may just as well reason with a post as reason with mamma when she is suffering from the influence of one of those dreams," returned Barbara. "I tried it this morning. I asked her to call up—as you observe—good sense to her aid. All her answer was, 'How could she help her feelings? She did not induce the dream by thinking of Richard, or in any other way, and yet it came and shattered her.' Of course, so far, mamma is right, for she cannot help the dreams' coming."

Mr. Carlyle made no immediate reply. He picked up a ball belonging to one of the children, which lay in his path, and began tossing it gently in his hand. "It is a singular thing," he observed, presently, "that we do not hear from Richard."

"Oh, very, very. And I know mamma distresses over it. A few words, which she let fall this morning, betrayed it plainly. I am no believer in dreams," continued Barbara, "but I cannot deny that these, which take such a hold upon mamma, do bear upon the case in a curious manner. The one she had last night especially."

"What was it?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"She dreamt that the real murderer was at West Lynne. She thought he was at our house—as a visitor, she said, or like one making a morning call—and we, she and I were conversing with him about the murderer. He wanted to deny it—to put it upon Richard; and he turned and whispered to Otway Bethel, who stood behind his chair. That is another strange thing," added Barbara, lifting her blue eyes in their deep earnestness to the face of Mr. Carlyle.

"What is strange? You speak in enigmas, Barbara."

"I meant that Otway Bethel should invariably appear in her dreams. Until that stolen visit of Richard's we had no idea he was near the spot at the time, and yet he has always made a prominent feature in these dreams."

"And who was the murderer—in your mamma's dream?" continued Mr. Carlyle, speaking as gravely as though he were upon a subject that men ridicule not.

"She cannot remember; except that he seemed a gentleman, and that we held intercourse with him as such. Now, that again is remarkable. We never told her, you know, our suspicions of Captain Thorn."

"I think you must be becoming a convert to the theory of dreams, yourself, Barbara; you are so very earnest," smiled Mr. Carlyle.

"No, not to dreams; but I am earnest for my dear brother Richard's sake."

"That Thorn does not appear in a hurry again to favor West Lynne with his—"

Mr. Carlyle paused, for Barbara had hurriedly laid her hand upon his arm, with a warning gesture. In talking, they had wandered across the park, to its ornamental grounds, and were now in a quiet path, overshadowed on either side by a chain of imitation rocks. Seated astride on the summit of these rocks, right above where Mr. Carlyle and Barbara were standing, was Francis Levison. His face was turned from them, and he appeared intent upon a child's whip, winding leather round its handle. Whether he heard their footsteps or not, he did not turn. They quickened their pace, and quitted the walk, bending their steps backward toward the group of ladies.

"Could he have heard what we were saying?" ejaculated Barbara, below her breath.

Mr. Carlyle looked down on the concerned, flushed cheeks, with a smile. Barbara was so evidently perturbed. But for a certain episode of their lives, some years ago, he might have soothed her tenderly.

"I think he must have heard a little, Barbara, unless his own wits were woolgathering. He might not be attending. What if he did hear? It is of no consequence."

"I was speaking, you know, of Captain Thorn—of his being the murderer."

"You were not speaking of Richard or his movements, so never mind. Levison is a stranger to the whole. It is nothing to him. If he did hear the name of Thorn mentioned, or even distinguish the subject, it would bear for him no interest—would go, as the saying runs, in at one ear and out at the other. Be at rest, Barbara."

He really did look somewhat tenderly upon her as he spoke—and they were near enough to Lady Isabel for her to note the glance. She need not have been jealous; it bore no treachery to her. But she did note it; she had noted also their wandering away together, and she jumped to the conclusion that it was premeditated—that they had gone beyond her sight to enjoy each other's society for a few stolen moments. Wonderfully attractive looked Barbara that evening, for Mr. Carlyle or any one else to steal away with. Her tasty, elegant, airy summer attire, her bright blue eyes, her charming features, and her damask cheeks! She had untied the strings of her pretty white bonnet, and was restlessly playing with them, more in thought than nervousness.

"Barbara, love, how are we to get home?" asked Mrs. Hare. "I do fear I shall never walk it. I wish I had told Benjamin to bring the phaeton."

"I can send to him," said Mr. Carlyle.

"But it is too bad of me, Archibald, to take you and Lady Isabel by storm in this unceremonious manner, and to give your servants trouble besides."

"A great deal too bad, I think," returned Mr. Carlyle, with mock gravity. "As to the servants, the one who has to go will never get over the trouble, depend upon it. You always were more concerned for others than for yourself, dear Mrs. Hare."

"And you were always kind, Archibald, smoothing difficulties for all, and making a trouble of nothing. Ah, Lady Isabel, were I a young woman, I should be envying you your good husband; there are not many like him."

Possibly the sentence reminded Lady Isabel that another who was young might be envying her, for her cheeks—Isabel's—flushed crimson. Mr. Carlyle held out his strong arm of help to Mrs. Hare.

"If sufficiently rested, I fancy you would be more comfortable on a sofa in-doors. Allow me to support you thither."

"And you can take my arm on the other side," cried Miss Carlyle, placing her tall form by Mrs. Hare. "Between us both we will pull you bravely along; your feet need scarcely touch the ground."

Mrs. Hare laughed, but said she thought Mr. Carlyle's arm would be sufficient. She took it, and they were turning toward the house, when her eye caught the form of a gentleman passing along the road by the park gates.

"Barbara, run," she hurriedly exclaimed. "There's Tom Herbert going toward our house, and he will just call in and tell them to send the phaeton, if you ask him, which will save the trouble to Mr. Carlyle's servants of going expressly. Haste, child; you will be up with him in half a minute."

Barbara, thus urged, set off, on the spur of the moment, toward the gates, before the rest of the party well knew what was being done. It was too late for Mr. Carlyle to stop her and repeat that the servant should go, for Barbara was already up with Mr. Tom Herbert. The latter had seen her running toward him, and waited at the gate.

"Are you going past our house?" inquired Barbara, perceiving then that Otway Bethel also stood there, but just beyond the view of the avenue.

"Yes. Why?" replied Tom Herbert, who was not famed for his politeness, being blunt by nature and "fast" by habit.

"Mamma would be so much obliged to you, if you would just call in and leave word that Benjamin is to bring up the phaeton. Mamma walked here, intending to walk home, but she finds herself so fatigued as to be unequal to it."

"All right. I'll call and send him. What time?"

Nothing had been said to Barbara about the time, so she was at liberty to name her own. "Ten o'clock. We shall be home then before papa."

"That you will," responded Tom Herbert. "He and the governor, and two or three more old codgers are blowing clouds till you can't see across the room; and they are sure to get at it after supper. I say, Miss Barbara, are you good for a few picnics?"

"Good for a great many," returned Barbara.

"Our girls want to get up some in the next week or two. Jack's home, you know."

"Is he?" said Barbara, in surprise.

"We had the letter yesterday, and he came up to-day—a brother officer with him. Jack vows if the girls don't cater well for them in the way of amusement, he'll never honor them by spending his leave at home again; so mind you keep yourself in readiness for any fun that may turn up. Good-evening."

"Good-evening, Miss Hare," added Otway Bethel.

As Barbara was returning their salutation, she became conscious of other footsteps, advancing from the same direction that they had come, and moved her head hastily round. Two gentlemen, walking arm in arm, were close upon her, in one of whom she recognized "Jack," otherwise Major Herbert. He stopped, and held out his hand.

"It is some years since we met, but I have not forgotten the pretty face of Miss Barbara," he cried. "A young girl's face it was then, but it is a stately young lady's now."

Barbara laughed. "Your brother has just told me you had arrived at West Lynne; but I did not know you were so close to me. He has been asking me if I am ready for some pic—"

Barbara's voice faltered, and the rushing crimson of emotion dyed her face. Whose face was that, who was he, standing opposite to her, side by side with John Herbert? She had seen the face but once, yet it had implanted itself upon her memory in characters of fire. Major Herbert continued to talk, but Barbara for once lost her self-possession; she could not listen, she could only stare at that face as if fascinated to the gaze, looking herself something like a simpleton, her shy blue eyes anxious and restless, and her lips turning to an ashy whiteness. A strange feeling of wonder, of superstition, was creeping over Barbara. Was that man before her in sober, veritable reality?—or was it but a phantom, called up in her mind by the associations arising from her mamma's dream; or by the conversation held not many moments ago with Mr. Carlyle?

Major Herbert may have deemed that Barbara, who evidently could not attend to himself, but was attending to his companion, wished for an introduction, and he accordingly made it. "Captain Thorn—Miss Hare."

Then Barbara roused herself; her senses were partially coming to her, and she became alive to the fact that they must deem her behavior unorthodox for a young lady.

"I—I—looked at Captain Thorn, for I thought I remembered his face," she stammered.

"I was in West Lynne for a day or two, some five years ago," he observed.

"Ah—yes," returned Barbara. "Are you going to make a long stay now?"

"We have several weeks' leave of absence. Whether we shall remain here all the time I cannot say."

Barbara parted from them. Thought upon thought crowded upon her brain as she flew back to East Lynne. She ran up the steps to the hall, gliding toward a group which stood near its further end—her mother, Miss Carlyle, Mr. Carlyle and little Isabel; Lady Isabel she did not see. Mrs. Hare was then going up to see Joyce.

In the agitation of the moment she stealthily touched Mr. Carlyle, and he stepped away from the rest to speak to her, she drawing back toward the door of one of the reception rooms, and motioning him to approach.

"Oh, Archibald, I must speak to you alone! Could you not come out again for a little while?"

He nodded, and walked out openly by her side. Why should he not? What had he to conceal? But, unfortunately, Lady Isabel, who had but gone into that same room for a minute, and was coming out again to join Mrs. Hare, both saw Barbara's touch upon her husband's arm, marked her agitation, and heard her words. She went to one of the hall windows and watched them saunter toward the more private parts of the grounds; she saw her husband send back Isabel. Never, since her marriage, had Lady Isabel's jealousy been excited as it was excited that evening.

"I—I feel—I scarcely know whether I am awake or dreaming," began Barbara, putting up her hand to her brow, and speaking in a dreamy tone. "Pardon me for bringing you out in this unceremonious fashion."

"What state secrets have you to disclose?" asked Mr. Carlyle, in a jesting manner.

"We were speaking of mamma's dream. She said the impression it left upon her mind—that the murderer was in West Lynne—was so vivid that in spite of common sense she could not persuade herself that he was not. Well—just now—"

"Barbara, what can be the matter?" uttered Mr. Carlyle, perceiving that her agitation was so great as to impede her words.

"I have just seen him," she rejoined.

"Seen him!" echoed Mr. Carlyle, looking at her fixedly, a doubt crossing his mind whether Barbara's mind might be as uncollected as her manner.

"What were nearly my last words to you? That if ever that Thorn did come to West Lynne again, I would leave no stone unturned to bring it home to him. He is here, Archibald. Now, when I went to the gate to speak to Tom Herbert, his brother, Major Herbert was also there, and with him Captain Thorn. Bethel also. Do you wonder, I say, that I know not whether I am awake or dreaming? They have some weeks' holiday, and are here to spend it."

"It is a singular coincidence," exclaimed Mr. Carlyle.

"Had anything been wanting to convince me that Thorn is the guilty man, this would have done it," went on Barbara in her excitement. "Mamma's dream, with the steadfast impression it left upon her that Hallijohn's murderer was now at West Lynne—"

In turning the sharp corner of the covered walk, they came in contact with Captain Levison, who appeared to be either standing or sauntering there, his hands underneath his coat-tails. Again Barbara felt vexed, wondering how much he had heard, and beginning in her heart to dislike the man. He accosted them familiarly, and appeared as if he would have turned with them; but none could put down presumption more effectually than Mr. Carlyle, calm and gentlemanly though he always was.

"I will join you presently, Captain Levison," he said, with a wave of the hand. And he turned back with Barbara toward the open parts of the park.

"Do you like that Captain Levison?" she abruptly inquired, when they were beyond hearing.

"I can not say I do," was Mr. Carlyle's reply. "He is one who does not improve upon acquaintance."

"To me, it looks as though he had placed himself in our way to hear what we were saying."

"No, no, Barbara. What interest could it have for him?"

Barbara did not contest the point, she turned to the one nearer at heart. "What must be our course with regard to Thorn?"

"It is more than I can tell you," replied Mr. Carlyle. "I cannot go up to the man and unceremoniously accuse him of being Hallijohn's murderer."

They took their way to the house, for there was nothing further to discuss. Captain Levison entered it before them, and saw Lady Isabel standing at the hall window. Yes, she was standing and looking still, brooding over her fancied wrongs.

"Who is that Miss Hare?" he demanded, in a cynical tone. "They appear to have a pretty good understanding together. Twice this evening I have met them, enjoying a private walk and a private confab."

"What did you say?" sharply and haughtily returned Lady Isabel.

"Nay, I did not mean to offend you," was the answer; for he knew that she heard his words distinctly in spite of her question. "I spoke of Monsieur votre mari."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CAPTAIN THORN IN TROUBLE ABOUT "A BILL."

In talking over a bygone misfortune, we sometimes make the remark, or hear it made to us, "Circumstances worked against it." Such and such a thing might have turned out differently, we say, had the surrounding circumstances been more favorable, but they were in opposition; they were dead against it. Now, if ever attendant circumstances can be said to have borne a baneful influence upon any person in this world, they most assuredly did at the present time upon Lady Isabel Carlyle.

Coeval, you see, with the arrival of the ex-captain, Levison, at East Lynne, all the jealous feeling, touching her husband and Barbara Hare, was renewed, and with greater force than ever. Barbara, painfully anxious, that something should be brought to light (it would have puzzled her to say how, or by what means) by which her brother should be exonerated from the terrible charge under which he lay; fully believing that Frederick Thorn, captain in her majesty's service, was the man who had committed the crime, as asserted by Richard, was in a state of excitement bordering upon frenzy. Too keenly she felt the truth of her own words, that she was powerless, that she could, herself, do nothing. When she rose in the morning, after a night passed in troubled reflection more than in sleep, her thoughts were, "Oh, that I could this day find out something certain!" She was often at the Herberts'; frequently invited there—sometimes going uninvited. She and the Herberts were intimate, and they pressed Barbara into all the impromptu gay doings, now their brother was at home. There she of course saw Captain Thorn, and now and then she was enabled to pick up scraps of his past history. Eagerly were these scraps carried to Mr. Carlyle. Not at his office; Barbara would not appear there. Perhaps she was afraid of the gossiping tongues of West Lynne, or that her visits might have come to the knowledge of that stern, prying and questioning old gentleman whom she called sire. It may be, too, that she feared, if seen haunting Mr. Carlyle's office, Captain Thorn might come to hear of it and suspect the agitation that was afloat—for who could know better than he, the guilt that was falsely attaching to Richard? Therefore she chose rather to go to East Lynne, or to waylay Mr. Carlyle as he passed to and from business. It was but little she gathered to tell him; one evening she met him with the news that Mr. Thorn had been in former years at West Lynne, though she could not fix the date; another time she went boldly to East Lynne in eager anxiety, ostensibly to make a call on Lady Isabel—and a very restless one it was—contriving to make Mr. Carlyle understand that she wanted to see him alone. He went out with her when she departed, and accompanied her as far as the park gates, the two evidently absorbed in earnest converse. Lady Isabel's jealous eye saw that. The communication Barbara had made was, that Captain Thorn had let fall the avowal that he had once been "in trouble," though of its nature there was no indication given. Another journey of hers took the scrap of news that she had discovered he knew Swainson well. Part of this, nay, perhaps the whole of it, Mr. Carlyle had found out for himself; nevertheless he always received Barbara with vivid interest. Richard Hare was related to Miss Carlyle, and if his innocence could be made clear in the sight of men, it would be little less gratifying to them than to the Hares. Of Richard's innocence, Mr. Carlyle now entertained little, if any doubt, and he was becoming impressed with the guilt of Captain Thorn. The latter spoke mysteriously of a portion of his past life—when he could be brought to speak of it at all—and he bore evidently some secret that he did not care to have alluded to.

But now look at the mean treachery of that man, Francis Levison! The few meetings that Lady Isabel did witness between her husband and Barbara would have been quite enough to excite her anger and jealousy, to trouble her peace; but, in addition, Francis Levison took care to tell her of those she did not see. It pleased him—he could best tell with what motive—to watch the movements of Mr. Carlyle and Barbara. There was a hedge pathway through the fields, on the opposite side of the road to the residence of Justice Hare, and as Mr. Carlyle walked down the road to business in his unsuspicion (not one time in fifty did he choose to ride; the walk to and fro kept him in health, he said), Captain Levison would be strolling down like a serpent behind the hedge, watching all his movements, watching his interviews with Barbara, did any take place, watching Mr. Carlyle turn into the grove, as he sometimes did, and perhaps watch Barbara run out of the house to meet him. It was all related over, and with miserable exaggeration, to Lady Isabel, whose jealousy, as a natural sequence, grew feverish in its extent.

It is scarcely necessary to explain, that of this feeling of Lady Isabel's Barbara knew nothing; not a shadow of suspicion had ever penetrated to her mind that Lady Isabel was jealous of her. Had she been told that such was the fact, she would have laughed in derision at her informant. Mr. Carlyle's happy wife, proudly secure in her position and in his affection, jealous of her! of her, to whom he never gave an admiring look or a loving word! It would have taken a great deal to make Barbara believe that.

How different were the facts in reality. These meetings of Mr. Carlyle's and Barbara's, instead of being episodes of love-making and tender speeches, were positively painful, especially to Barbara, from the unhappy nature of the subject to be discussed. Far from feeling a reprehensible pleasure at seeking the meetings with Mr. Carlyle, Barbara shrank from them; but that she was urged by dire necessity, in the interests of Richard, she would wholly have avoided such. Poor Barbara, in spite of that explosion of bottled-up excitement years back, was a lady, possessed of a lady's ideas and feelings, and—remembering that explosion—it did not accord with her pride at all to be pushing herself into what might be called secret meetings with Archibald Carlyle. But Barbara, in her sisterly love, pressed down all thoughts of self, and went perseveringly forward for Richard's sake.

Mr. Carlyle was seated one morning in his private room at his office, when his head clerk, Mr. Dill, came in.

"A gentleman is asking to see you, Mr. Archibald."

"I am too busy to see anybody for this hour to come. You know that, Dill."

"So I told him, sir, and he says he'll wait. It is that Captain Thorn who is staying here with John Herbert."

Mr. Carlyle raised his eyes, and they encountered those of the old man; a peculiar expression was in the face of both. Mr. Carlyle glanced down at the parchment he was perusing, as if calculating his time. Then he looked up again and spoke.

"I will see him, Dill. Send him in."

The business, leading to the visit, was quite simple. Captain Frederick Thorn had got himself into some trouble and vexation about "a bill"—as too many captains will do, and he had come to crave advice of Mr. Carlyle.

Mr. Carlyle felt dubious about giving it. This Captain Thorn was a pleasant, attractive sort of man, who won much on acquaintance; one whom Mr. Carlyle would have been pleased, in a friendly point of view, and setting professional interest apart, to help out of his difficulties; but if he were the villain they suspected him to be, the man with crime upon his hand, then Mr. Carlyle would have ordered his office-door held wide for him to slink out of it.

"Cannot you advise me what my course ought to be?" he inquired, detecting Mr. Carlyle's hesitation.

"I could advise you, certainly. But—you must excuse my being plain, Captain Thorn—I like to know who my clients are before I take up their cause or accept them as clients."

"I am able to pay you," was Captain Thorn's reply. "I am not short of ready money; only this bill—"

Mr. Carlyle laughed out, after having bit his lip with annoyance.

"It was a natural inference of yours," he said, "but I assure you I was not thinking of your purse or my pocket. My father held it right never to undertake business for a stranger; unless a man was good, in a respectable point of view, and his cause good, he did not entertain it; and I have acted on the same principle. By these means, the position and character of our business is rarely attained by a solicitor. Now, in saying that you are a stranger to me, I am not casting any doubt upon you, Captain Thorn; I am merely upholding my common practice."

"My family is well connected," was Captain Thorn's next venture.

"Excuse me; family has nothing to do with it. If the poorest day laborer, if a pauper out of the workhouse, came to me for advice, he should be heartily welcome to it, provided he were an honest man in the face of day. Again I repeat, you must take no offence at what I say, for I cast no reflection on you; I only urge that you and your character are unknown to me."

Curious words from a lawyer to a client-aspirant, and Captain Thorn found them so. But Mr. Carlyle's tone was so courteous, his manner so affable, in fact he was so thoroughly the gentleman, that it was impossible to feel hurt.

"Well, how can I convince you that I am respectable? I have served my country ever since I was sixteen, and my brother officers have found no cause of complaint—my position as an officer and a gentleman would be generally deemed a sufficient guaranty. Inquire of John Herbert. The Herberts, too, are friends of yours, and they have not disdained to give me house room amidst their family."

"True," returned Mr. Carlyle, feeling that he could not well object further; and also that all men should be deemed innocent until proved guilty. "At any rate, I will advise you what must be done at present," he added, "though if the affair is one that must go on, I do not promise that I can continue to act for you. I am very busy just now."

Captain Thorn explained his dilemma, and Mr. Carlyle told him what to do in it. "Were you not at West Lynne some ten years ago?" he suddenly inquired, at the close of the conversation. "You denied it to me once at my house; but I concluded, from an observation you let fall, that you had been here."

"Yes, I was," replied Captain Thorn, in a confidential tone. "I don't mind owning it to you in confidence, but I do not wish it to get abroad. I was not at West Lynne, but in its neighborhood. The fact is, when I was a careless young fellow, I was stopping a few miles from here, and got into a scrape, though a—a—in short it was an affair of gallantry. I did not show out very well at the time and I don't care that it should be known in the country again."

Mr. Carlyle's pulses—for Richard Hare's sake—beat a shade quicker. The avowal of "an affair of gallantry" was almost a confirmation of his suspicions.

"Yes," he pointedly said. "The girl was Afy Hallijohn."

"Afy—who?" repeated Captain Thorn, opening his eyes and fixing them on Mr. Carlyle's.

"Afy Hallijohn."

Captain Thorn continued to look at Mr. Carlyle, an amused expression, rather than any other, predominant on his features. "You are mistaken," he observed. "Afy Hallijohn? I never heard the name before in my life."

"Did you never hear or know, that a dreadful tragedy was enacted in this place about that period?" returned Mr. Carlyle, in a low, meaning tone. "That Afy Hallijohn's father was—"

"Oh, stay, stay, stay," hastily interrupted Captain Thorn. "I am telling a story in saying I never heard the name. Afy Hallijohn. Why, that's the girl Tom Herbert was telling me about; who—what was it?—disappeared after her father was murdered."

"Murdered in his own cottage; almost in Afy's presence; murdered by—by—" Mr. Carlyle recollected himself; he had spoken more impulsively than was his custom. "Hallijohn was my father's faithful clerk for many years," he more calmly concluded.

"And he who committed the murder was young Hare, son of Justice Hare, and brother to that attractive girl, Barbara. Your speaking of this has recalled what they told me to my recollection. The first evening I was at the Herberts', Justice Hare was there, smoking—half a dozen pipes there were going at once. I also saw Miss Barbara that evening at your park gates; and Tom told me of the murder. An awful calamity for the Hares. I suppose that is the reason the young lady is Miss Hare still; one with her good fortune and good looks ought to have changed her name ere this."

"No, it is not the reason," returned Mr. Carlyle.

"What is the reason, then?"

A faint flush tinged the brow of Mr. Carlyle.

"I know more than one who would be glad to get Barbara, in spite of the murder. Do not depreciate Miss Hare?"

"Not I, indeed; I like the young lady too well," replied Captain Thorn. "The girl, Afy, has never been heard of since, has she?"

"Never," said Mr. Carlyle. "Did you know her well?" he deliberately added.

"I never knew her at all, if you mean Afy Hallijohn. Why should you think I did? I never heard of her till Tom Herbert amused me with the history."

Mr. Carlyle most devoutly wished he could tell whether the man before him was speaking truth or falsehood. He continued.

"Afy's favors—I speak in no invidious sense; I mean her smiles and her chatter—were pretty freely dispensed, for she was heedless and vain. Amidst others who got the credit for occasional basking in her rays, was a gentleman of the name of Thorn. Was it not yourself?"

Captain Thorn stroked his mustache with an air that seemed to say he could boast of his share of such baskings; in short, as if he felt half inclined to do it.

"Upon my word," he simpered, "you do me too much honor; I cannot confess to having been favored by Miss Afy."

"Then she was not the—the damsel you speak of, who drove you—if I understand aright—from the locality?" resumed Mr. Carlyle, fixing his eyes upon him, so as to take in every tone of the answer, and shade of countenance as he gave it.

"I should think not, indeed. It was a married lady, more's the pity; young, pretty, vain, and heedless, as you represent this Afy. Things went smoother after a time, and she and her husband—a stupid country yeoman—became reconciled; but I have been ashamed of the affair ever since; doubly ashamed of it since I have grown wiser, and I do not care ever to be recognized as the actor in it, or to have it raked up against me."

Captain Thorn rose, and took a somewhat hasty leave. Was he, or was he not, the man? Mr. Carlyle could not solve the doubt.

Mr. Dill came in as he disappeared, closed the door, and advanced to his master, speaking in an under tone.

"Mr. Archibald, has it struck you that the gentleman, just gone out, may be the Lieutenant Thorn you once spoke to me about? he who had used to gallop over from Swainson to court Afy Hallijohn?"

"It has struck me so most forcibly," replied Mr. Carlyle. "Dill, I would give five hundred pounds out of my pocket this moment, to be assured of the fact—if he is the same."

"I have seen him several times since he has been staying with the Herberts," pursued the old gentleman, "and my doubts have naturally been excited as to whether it could be the man in question. Curious enough, Bezant, the doctor, was over here yesterday from Swainson; and as I was walking with him, arm-in-arm, we met Captain Thorn. The two recognized each other and bowed, merely as distant acquaintances. 'Do you know that gentleman?' said I to Bezant. 'Yes,' he answered, 'it is Mr. Frederick.' 'Mr. Frederick with something added on to it,' said I; 'his name is Thorn.' 'I know that,' returned Bezant; 'but when he was in Swainson some years ago, he chose to drop the Thorn, and the town in general knew him only as Mr. Frederick.' 'What was he doing there, Bezant?' I asked. 'Amusing himself and getting into mischief,' was the answer; 'nothing very bad, only the random scrapes of young men.' 'Was he often on horseback, riding to a distance?' was my next question. 'Yes, that he was,' replied Bezant; 'none more fond of galloping across the country than he; I used to tell him he'd ride his horse's tail off. Now, Mr. Archibald, what do you think?" concluded the old clerk; "and so far as I could make out, this was about the very time of the tragedy at Hallijohn's."

"Think?" replied Mr. Carlyle, "what can I think but that it is the same man? I am convinced of it now."

And, leaning back in his chair, he fell into a deep revery, regardless of the parchments that lay before him.

The weeks went on—two or three—and things seemed to be progressing backward, rather than forward—if that's not Irish. Francis Levison's affairs—that is, the adjustment of them—did not advance at all.

Another thing that may be said to have been progressing backward, for it was going on fast to bad, instead of to good, was the jealousy of Lady Isabel. How could it be otherwise, kept up, as it was, by Barbara's frequent meetings with Mr. Carlyle, and by Captain Levison's exaggerated whispers of them? Discontented, ill at ease with herself and with everybody about her, Isabel was living now in a state of excitement: a dangerous resentment against her husband beginning to rise up in her heart. That very day, the one of Captain Levison's visit to Levison Park, in driving through West Lynne in the pony carriage, she had come upon her husband in close converse with Barbara Hare. So absorbed were they, that they never saw her, though her carriage passed close to the pavement where they stood.

On the morning following this, as the Hare family were seated at breakfast, the postman was observed coming toward the house. Barbara sprang from her seat to the open window, and the man advanced to her.

"Only one, miss. It is for yourself."

"Who is it from?" began the justice, as Barbara returned to her chair. In letters as in other things, he was always curious to know their contents, whether they might be addressed to himself or not.

"It is from Anne, papa," replied Barbara, as she laid the letter by her side on the table.

"Why don't you open it and see what she says?"

"I will, directly; I am just going to pour out some more tea for mamma."

Finally the justice finished his breakfast, and strolled out into the garden.

Barbara opened her letter; Mrs. Hare watched her movements and her countenance. She saw the latter flush suddenly and vividly, and then become deadly pale; she saw Barbara crush the note in her hand when read.

"Oh, mamma!" she uttered.

The flush of emotion came also into Mrs. Hare's delicate cheeks. "Barbara, is it bad news?"

"Mamma, it—it—is about Richard," she whispered, glancing at the door and window, to see that none might be within sight or hearing. "I never thought of him; I only fancied Anne might be sending me some bit of news concerning her own affairs. Good heavens! how fortunate—how providential that papa did not see the paper fall; and that you did not persist in your inquiries. If he—"

"Barbara, you are keeping me in suspense," interrupted Mrs. Hare, who had also grown white. "What should Anne know about Richard?"

Barbara smoothed out the writing and held it before her mother. It was as follows:

"I have had a curious note from R. It was without date or signature, but I know his handwriting. He tells me to let you know, in the most sure and private manner that I can, that he will soon be paying another night visit. You are to watch the grove every evening when the present moon gets bright."

Mrs. Hare covered her face for some minutes. "Thank God for all His mercies," she murmured.

"Oh, mamma, but it is an awful risk for him to run!"

"But to know that he is in life—to know that he is in life! And for the risk—Barbara, I dread it not. The same good God who protected him through the last visit, will protect him through this. He will not forsake the oppressed, the innocent. Destroy that paper, child."

"Archibald Carlyle must first see it, mamma."

"I shall not be easy until it is destroyed, Barbara."

Braving the comments of the gossips, hoping the visit would not reach the ears or eyes of the justice, Barbara went that day to the office of Mr. Carlyle. He was not there, he was at West Lynne; he was gone to Lynneborough on business, and Mr. Dill thought it a question if he would be at the office again that day. If so, it would be late in the afternoon. Barbara, as soon as their own dinner was over, took up her patient station at the gate, hoping to see him pass; but the time went by and he did not. She had little doubt that he had returned home without going to West Lynne.

What should she do? "Go up to East Lynne and see him," said her conscience. Barbara's mind was in a strangely excited state. It appeared to her that this visit of Richard's must have been specially designed by Providence, that he might be confronted with Thorn.

"Mamma," she said, returning [illegible] hours, after seeing the justice [illegible] upon an evening visit to the Buck's Head, where he and certain other justices and gentlemen sometimes congregated to [illegible] chat, "I shall go up to East Lynne, if you have no objection. I must see him directly."

Away went Barbara. It had struck seven when she arrived at East Lynne.

"Is Mr. Carlyle disengaged?"

"Mr. Carlyle not yet home, miss. My lady and Miss Carlyle are waiting dinner for him.

A check for Barbara. The servant asked her to walk in, but she declined and turned from the door. She was in no mood for visit paying.

Lady Isabel had been standing at the window watching for her husband, and wondering what made him so late. She observed Barbara approach the house, and saw her walk away again. Presently the servant who had answered the door entered the drawing-room.

"Was not that Miss Hare?"

"Yes, my lady," was the man's reply. "She wanted master. I said your ladyship was at home, but she would not enter."

Isabel said no more; she caught the eyes of Francis Levison fixed on her with as much meaning, compassionate meaning, as they dared express. She clasped her hands in pain, and turned again to the window.

Barbara was walking slowly down the avenue, Mr. Carlyle was then in sight, walking quickly up it. Lady Isabel saw their hands meet in greeting.

"Oh, I am so thankful to have met you!" Barbara exclaimed to him, impulsively, "I actually went to your office to-day, and I have been now to your house. We have such news!"

"Ay! What? About Thorn?"

"No; about Richard," replied Barbara, taking the scrap of paper from the folds of her dress. "This came to me this morning from Anne."

Mr. Carlyle took the document, and Barbara looked over him whilst he read it; neither of them thinking that Lady Isabel's jealous eyes, and Captain Levison's evil ones, were strained on them from the distant windows. Miss Carlyle's, also, were, for the matter of that.

"Archibald, it seems to me that Providence must be directing him hither at this moment. Our suspicions with regard to Thorn can now be set at rest. You must contrive that Richard shall see him. What can he be coming again for?"

"More money," was the supposition of Mr. Carlyle. "Does Mrs. Hare know of this?"

"She does, unfortunately. I opened the paper before her, never dreaming it was connected with Richard—poor, unhappy Richard! and not to be guilty!"

"He acted as though he were, Barbara. And that line of conduct often entails as much trouble as real guilt."

"You do not believe him guilty?" she most passionately uttered.

"I do not. I have little doubt of the guilt of Thorn."

"Oh, if it could be brought home to him!" reiterated Barbara, "so that Richard might be cleared in the sight of day. How can you contrive that he shall see Thorn?"

"I cannot tell; I must think it over. Let me know the instant he arrives, Barbara."

"Of course I shall. It may be that he does not want money; that his errand is only to see mamma. He was always so fond of her."

"I must leave you," said Mr. Carlyle, taking her hand in token of farewell. Then, as a thought occurred to him, he turned and walked a few steps with her without releasing it. He was probably quite unconscious that he retained it; she was not.

"You know, Barbara, if he should want money, and it be not convenient to Mrs. Hare to supply it at so short a notice, I can give it to him, as I did before."

"Thank you, thank you, Archibald. Mamma felt sure you would."

She lifted her eyes to his with an expression of gratitude, a warmer feeling for an uncontrolled moment mingled with it. Mr. Carlyle nodded pleasantly, and then set off toward the house at the pace of a steam-engine.

Two minutes in his dressing-room, and he entered the drawing-room, apologizing for keeping them waiting dinner and explaining that he had been compelled to go to his office to give some orders subsequent to his return to Lynneborough. Lady Isabel's lips were pressed together, and she preserved an obstinate silence. Mr. Carlyle, in his unsuspicion, did not notice it.

"What did Barbara Hare want?" demanded Miss Carlyle, during dinner.

"She wanted to see me on business," was his reply, given in a tone that certainly did not invite his sister to pursue the subject. "Will you take some more fish, Isabel?"

"What was that you were reading over with her?" pursued the indefatigable Miss Corny. "It looked like a note."

"Ah, that would be telling," returned Mr. Carlyle, willing to turn it off with gayety. "If young ladies choose to make me privy to their love-letters, I cannot betray confidence, you know."

"What rubbish, Archibald!" quoth she. "As if you could not say outright what Barbara wants, without making a mystery of it. And she seems to be always wanting you now."

Mr. Carlyle glanced at his sister a quick, peculiar look; it seemed to her to speak both of seriousness and warning. Involuntarily her thoughts—and her fears—flew back to the past.

"Archibald! Archibald!" she uttered, repeating the name, as if she could not get any further words out in her dread. "It—it—is never—that old affair is never being raked up again?"

Now, Miss Carlyle's "old affair" referred to one sole and sore point—Richard Hare, and so Mr. Carlyle understood it. Lady Isabel unhappily believed that any "old affair" could but have reference to the bygone loves of her husband and Barbara.

"You will oblige me by going on with your dinner, Cornelia," gravely responded Mr. Carlyle. Then—assuming a more laughing tone—"I tell you it is unreasonable to expect me to betray a young lady's secrets, although she may choose to confide them professionally to me. What say you, Captain Levison?"

The gentleman addressed bowed, a smile of mockery, all too perceptible to Lady Isabel, on his lip. And Miss Carlyle bent her head over her plate, and went on with her dinner as meek as any lamb.

That same evening, Lady Isabel's indignant and rebellious heart condescended to speak of it when alone with her husband.

"What is it that she wants with you so much, that Barbara Hare?"

"It is private business, Isabel. She has to bring me messages from her mother."

"Must the business be kept from me?"

He was silent for a moment, considering whether he might tell her. But it was impossible he could speak, even to his wife, of the suspicion they were attaching to Captain Thorn. It would have been unfair and wrong; neither could he betray that a secret visit was expected from Richard. To no one in the world would he betray that, however safe and true.

"It would not make you the happier to know it, Isabel. There is a dark secret, you are aware, touching the Hare family. It is connected with that."

She did not put faith in a word of the reply. She believed he could not tell her because her feelings, as his wife, would be outraged by the confession; and it goaded her anger into recklessness. Mr. Carlyle, on his part, never gave a thought to the supposition that she might be jealous; he had believed that nonsense at an end years ago. He was perfectly honorable and true; strictly faithful to his wife, giving her no shadow of cause or reason to be jealous of him; and being a practical matter-of-fact man, it did not occur to him that she could be so.

Lady Isabel was sitting the following morning, moody and out of sorts. Captain Levison, who had accompanied Mr. Carlyle in the most friendly manner possible to the park gate on his departure, and then stole along the hedge-walk, had returned to Lady Isabel with the news of an "ardent" interview with Barbara, who had been watching for his going by at the gate of the Grove. She sat, sullenly digesting the tidings, when a note was brought in. It proved to be an invitation to dinner for the following Tuesday, at a Mrs. Jefferson's—for Mr. and Lady Isabel Carlyle and Miss Carlyle.

She drew her desk toward her petulantly, to answer it on the spur of the moment, first of all passing the note across the table to Miss Carlyle.

"Do you go?" asked Miss Carlyle.

"Yes," replied Lady Isabel. "Mr. Carlyle and I both want a change of some sort," she added, in a mocking sort of spirit; "it may be well to have it, if only for an evening."

In truth, this unhappy jealousy, this distrust of her husband, appeared to have altered Lady Isabel's very nature.

"And leave Captain Levison alone?" returned Miss Carlyle.

Lady Isabel bent over her desk, making no reply.

"What will you do with him, I ask?" persisted Miss Carlyle.

"He can remain here—he can dine by himself. Shall I accept the invitation for you?"

"No; I shall not go," said Miss Carlyle.

"Then, in that case, there can be no difficulty in regard to Captain Levison," coldly spoke Lady Isabel.

"I don't want his company—I am not fond of it," cried Miss Carlyle. "I would go to Mrs. Jefferson's but that I should require a new dress."

"That's easily had," said Lady Isabel. "I shall want one myself."

"You want a new dress!" uttered Miss Carlyle. "Why, you have dozens!"

"I don't know that I could count a dozen in all," returned Isabel, chafing at the remark, and the continual thwarting put upon her by Miss Carlyle, which had latterly seemed more than usually hard to endure. Petty evils are more difficult to support than great ones, take notice.

Lady Isabel concluded her note, folded, sealed it, and then rang the bell. As the man left the room with it, she desired that Wilson might be sent to her.

"Is it this morning, Wilson, that the dressmaker comes to try on Miss Isabel's dress?" she inquired.

Wilson hesitated and stammered, and glanced from her mistress to Miss Carlyle. The latter looked up from her work.

"The dressmaker's not coming," spoke she, sharply. "I countermanded the order for the frock, for Isabel does not require it."

"She does require it," answered Lady Isabel, in perhaps the most displeased tone she ever used to Miss Carlyle. "I am a competent judge of what is necessary for my own children."

"She no more requires a new frock than that table requires one, or than you require the one you are longing for," stoically persisted Miss Carlyle. "She has got over so many lying by, and her striped silk, turned, will make up as handsome as ever."

Wilson backed out of the room and closed the door softly, but her mistress caught a compassionate look directed toward her. Her heart seemed bursting with indignation and despair; there seemed to be no side on which she could turn for refuge. Pitied by her own servants!

She reopened her desk and dashed off a haughty, peremptory note for the attendance of the dressmaker at East Lynne, commanding its immediate dispatch.

Miss Corny groaned in her wrath.

"You will be sorry for not listening to me, ma'am, when your husband shall be brought to poverty. He works like a horse now, and, with all his slaving, can scarcely, I fear, keep expenses down."

Poor Lady Isabel, ever sensitive, began to think they might, with one another, be spending more than Mr. Carlyle's means would justify; she knew their expenses were heavy. The same tale had been dinned into her ear ever since she married him. She gave up in that moment all thought of the new dress for herself and for Isabel; but her spirit, in her deep unhappiness, felt sick and faint within her.

Wilson, meanwhile, had flown to Joyce's room, and was exercising her dearly beloved tongue in an exaggerated account of the matter—how Miss Carlyle put upon my lady, and had forbidden a new dress to her, as well as the frock to Miss Isabel.

And yet a few more days passed on.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RICHARD HARE AT MR. DILL'S WINDOW.

Bright was the moon on that genial Monday night, bright was the evening star, as they shone upon a solitary wayfarer who walked on the shady side of the road, with his head down, as though he did not care to court observation. A laborer apparently, for he wore a smock frock and had hobnails in his shoes; but his whiskers were large and black, quite hiding the lower part of his face, and his broad-brimmed "wide-awake" came far over his brows. He drew near the dwelling of Richard Hare, Esq., plunged rapidly over some palings (after looking well to the right and left) into a field, and thence over the side wall into Mr. Hare's garden, where he remained amist the thick trees.

Now, by some mischievous spirit of intuition of contrariety, Justice Hare was spending this evening at home, a thing he did not do once in six months, unless he had friends with him. Things in real life do mostly go by the rules of contrary, as children say in their play, holding the corners of the handkerchiefs, "Here we go round and round by the rules of contrary; if I tell you to hold fast, you must loose; and if I tell you to loose, you must hold fast." Just so in the play of life. When we want people to "hold fast," they "loose;" and when we want them to loose, they hold fast.

Barbara, anxious, troubled, worn out almost with the suspense of looking and watching for her brother, feeling a feverish expectation that that night would bring him—but so had she felt for the two or three nights past—would have given her head for her father to go out. But no—things were going by the rules of contrary. There sat the stern justice in full view of the garden and the grove, his chair drawn precisely in front of the window, his wig awry, and a long pipe in his mouth.

"Are you not going out, Richard?" Mrs. Hare ventured to say.

"No."

"Mamma, shall I ring for the shutters to be closed?" asked Barbara, by and by.

"Shutters closed!" said the justice. "Who'd shut out this bright moon? You have got the lamp at the far end of the room, young lady, and can go to it."

Barbara ejaculated an inward prayer for patience—for safety for Richard, if he did come, and waited on, watching the grove in the distance. It came, the signal; her quick eye caught it; a movement as if some person or thing had stepped out beyond the trees and stepped back again. Barbara's face turned white and her lips dry.

"I am so hot!" she ejaculated, in her confused eagerness for an excuse; "I must take a turn in the garden."

She stole out, throwing a dark shawl over her shoulders, that might render her less conspicuous to the justice, and her dress that evening was a dark silk. She did not dare to stand still when she reached the trees, or to penetrate them, but she caught glimpses of Richard's face, and her heart ached at the change in it. It was white, thin, and full of care; and his hair, he told her, was turning gray.

"Oh, Richard, darling, and I may not stop to talk to you!" she wailed, in a deep whisper. "Papa is at home, you see, of all the nights in the world."

"Can't I see my mother?"

"How can you? You must wait till to-morrow night."

"I don't like waiting a second night, Barbara. There's danger in every inch of ground that this neighborhood contains."

"But you must wait, Richard, for reasons. That man who caused all the mischief—Thorn—"

"Hang him!" gloomily interrupted Richard.

"He is at West Lynne. At least there is a Thorn here, we—I and Mr. Carlyle—believe to be the same, and we want you to see him."

"Let me see him," panted Richard, whom the news appeared to agitate; "let me see him! Barbara, I say—"

Barbara had passed on again, returning presently.

"You know, Richard, I must keep moving, with papa's eyes there. He is a tall man, very good-looking, very fond of dress and ornaments, especially of diamonds."

"That's he," cried Richard, eagerly.

"Mr. Carlyle will contrive that you shall see him," she continued, stooping down as if to tie her shoe. "Should it prove to be the same, perhaps nothing can be immediately done toward clearing you, but it shall be a great point ascertained. Are you sure you should know him again?"

"Sure! that I should know him!" uttered Richard Hare. "Should I know my own father? should I know you? And are you not engraven on my heart in letters of blood, as is he? How and when am I to see him, Barbara?"

"I can tell you nothing, till I have seen Mr. Carlyle. Be here to-morrow, as soon as ever the dusk will permit you. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle will contrive to bring him here. If—"

The window was thrown open, and the stentorian voice of Justice Hare was heard from it.

"Barbara, are you wandering about there to take cold? Come in! Come in, I say!"

"Oh, Richard, I am so sorry!" she lingered to whisper. "But papa is sure to be out to-morrow evening; he would not stay in two evenings running. Good-night, dear."

There must be no delay now, and the next day Barbara, braving comments, appeared once more at the office of Mr. Carlyle. Terribly did the rules of contrary seem in action just then. Mr. Carlyle was not in, and the clerks did not know when to expect him; he was gone out for some hours, they believed.

"Mr. Dill," urged Barbara, as the old gentleman came out to the door to greet her, "I must see him."

"He will not be in till late in the afternoon, Miss Barbara. I expect him then. Is it anything I can do?"

"No, no," sighed Barbara.

At that moment Lady Isabel and her little girl passed in the chariot. She saw Barbara at her husband's door; what should she be doing there, unless paying him a visit? A slight haughty bow to Barbara, a pleasant nod and smile to Mr. Dill, and the carriage bowled on.

It was four o'clock before Barbara could see Mr. Carlyle, and communicate her tidings that Richard had arrived.

Mr. Carlyle held deceit and all underhand doings in especial abhorrence; yet he deemed that he was acting right, under the circumstances, in allowing Captain Thorn to be secretly seen by Richard Hare. In haste he arranged his plans. It was the evening of his own dinner engagement at Mrs. Jefferson's, but that he must give up. Telling Barbara to dispatch Richard to his office as soon as he should make his appearance in the grove, and to urge him to come boldly and not to fear, for none would know him in his disguise, he wrote a hurried note to Thorn, requesting him also to be at his office at eight o'clock that evening, as he had something to communicate to him. The latter plea was no fiction, for he had received an important communication that morning relative to the business on which Captain Thorn had consulted him, and his own absence from the office in the day had alone prevented his sending for him earlier.

Other matters were calling the attention of Mr. Carlyle, and it was five o'clock ere he departed for East Lynne; he would not have gone so early, but that he must inform his wife of his inability to keep his dinner engagement. Mr. Carlyle was one who never hesitated to sacrifice personal gratification to friendship or to business.

The chariot was at the door, and Lady Isabel dressed and waiting for him in her dressing-room. "Did you forget that the Jeffersons dine at six?" was her greeting.

"No, Isabel; but it was impossible for me to get here before. And I should not have come so soon, but to tell you that I cannot accompany you. You must make my excuses to Mrs. Jefferson."

A pause. Strange thoughts were running through Lady Isabel's mind. "Why so?" she inquired.

"Some business has arisen which I am compelled to attend to this evening. As soon as I have snatched a bit of dinner at home, I must hasten back to the office."

Was he making this excuse to spend the hours of her absence with Barbara Hare? The idea that it was so took firm possession of her mind, and remained there. Her face expressed a variety of feelings, the most prominent that of resentment. Mr. Carlyle saw it.

"You must not be vexed, Isabel. I assure you it is no fault of mine. It is important private business which cannot be put off, and which I cannot delegate to Dill. I am sorry it should so have happened."

"You never return to the office in an evening," she remarked, with pale lips.

"No; because if anything arises to take us there after hours, Dill officiates. But the business to-night must be done by myself."

Another pause. Lady Isabel sullenly broke it. "Shall you join us later in the evening?"

"I believe I shall not be able to do so."

She drew her light shawl around her shoulders, and swept down the staircase. Mr. Carlyle followed to place her in the carriage. When he said farewell, she never answered, but looked straight out before her with a stony look.

"What time, my lady?" inquired the footman, as she alighted at Mrs. Jefferson's.

"Early. Half-past nine."

A little before eight o'clock, Richard Hare, in his smock frock and his slouching hat and his false whiskers, rang dubiously at the outer door of Mr. Carlyle's office. That gentleman instantly opened it. He was quite alone.

"Come in, Richard," said he, grasping his hand. "Did you meet many whom you knew?"

"I never looked whom I met, sir," was the reply. "I thought if I looked at people, they might look at me, so I came straight ahead with my eyes before me. How the place has altered! There's a new brick house at the corner where old Morgan's shop used to be."

"That's the new police station. West Lynne, I assure you, is becoming grand in public buildings. And how have you been, Richard?"

"Ailing and wretched," answered Richard Hare. "How can I be otherwise, Mr. Carlyle, with so false an accusation attaching to me; and working like a slave, as I have to do?"

"You may take off that disfiguring hat, Richard. No one is here."

Richard slowly heaved it from his brows, and his fair face, so like his mother's, was disclosed. But the moment he was uncovered he turned shrinkingly toward the entrance door. "If any one should come in, sir?"

"Impossible!" replied Mr. Carlyle. "The front door is fast, and the office is supposed to be empty at this hour."

"For if I should be seen and recognized, it might come to hanging you know, sir. You are expecting that cursed Thorn here, Barbara told me?"

"Directly," replied Mr. Carlyle, observing the mode of addressing him "sir." It spoke plainly of the scale of society in which Richard must be mixing; that he was with those who said it habitually; nay, that he used it habitually himself. "From your description of the Lieutenant Thorn who destroyed Hallijohn, we believe this Captain Thorn to be the same man," pursued Mr. Carlyle. "In person he appears to tally exactly; and I have ascertained that a few years ago he was a great deal at Swainson, and got into some sort of scrape. He is in John Herbert's regiment, and is here with him on a visit."

"But what an idiot he must be to venture here!" uttered Richard. "Here of all places in the world."

"He counts, no doubt, on not being known. So far as I can find out, Richard, nobody here did know him, save you and Afy. I shall put you in Mr. Dill's room—you may remember the little window in it—and from thence you can take a full view of Thorn, whom I shall keep in the front office. You are sure you would recognize him, at this distance of time?"

"I should know him if it were fifty years to come; I should know him were he disguised as I am disguised. We cannot," Richard sank his voice, "forget a man who has been the object of our frenzied jealousy."

"What has brought you to East Lynne again, Richard? Any particular object?"

"Chiefly a hankering within me that I could not get rid of," replied Richard. "It was not so much to see my mother and Barbara—though I did want that, especially since my illness—as that a feeling was within me, that I could not rest away from it. So I said I'd risk it again, just for a day."

"I thought you might possibly want some assistance, as before."

"I do want that, also," said Richard. "Not much. My illness has run me into debt, and if my mother can let me have a little I shall be thankful."

"I am sure she will," answered Mr. Carlyle. "You shall have it from me to-night. What has been the matter with you?"

"The beginning of it was a kick from a horse, sir. That was last winter, and it laid me up for six weeks. Then, in spring, after I had got well and was at work again, I caught some sort of fever, and down again I was for six weeks. I have not been to say well since."

"How is it you have never written or sent me your address?"

"Because I dared not," answered Richard, timorously. "I should always be in fear; not of you, Mr. Carlyle, but of its becoming known some way or other. The time is getting on, sir; is that Thorn sure to come?"

"He sent me word that he would, in reply to my note. And—there he is!" uttered Mr. Carlyle, as a ring was heard at the bell. "Now, Richard, come this way. Bring your hat."

Richard complied by putting the hat on his head, pulling it so low down that it touched his nose. He felt himself safer in it. Mr. Carlyle showed him into Mr. Dill's room, and then turned the key upon him, and put it in his pocket. Whether this precautionary measure was intended to prevent any possibility of Captain Thorn's finding his way in, or of Richard's finding his way out, was best known to himself.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD. By GIDEON WELLES, Ex-Secretary of the Navy. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This book is an earnest effort to give the public a proper view of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and some idea of the fearful ordeal through which it was called upon to pass. Mr. Welles believes that Mr. Lincoln was himself the great central figure and controlling mind in his own administration, and that neither Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, or any other of his able counsellors was the "power behind the throne." Mr. Welles gives a minute account of what took place at the council board during some of the darkest hours of our country's history. This book, probably more than any other yet written, will place Mr. Lincoln in his true position.

PRETTY MISS GASTON AND OTHER STORIES. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Company, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

FETTERED FOR LIFE; OR, LORD AND MASTER. A Story of To-day. By LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE TRINITY. By Rev. F. H. BURNS, A.M. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

CASSY. By HESBA STRETTON. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

NO INTENTIONS. A Novel. By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

GEOLOGY. By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S. One of a Series of "Science Primers." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE GREAT WESTERN MONTHLY for April. Published by the Great Western Publishing Co., 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. A new magazine, which is, we believe, already a success. The literary matter is quite good, and some of the silhouettes, two of which are given each month, are charming. A finely-executed chromo and steel engraving lead off every number.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

A HALLUCINATION.

My aunt and cousins were going to Brighton for several weeks, and had asked me down to see them. As I was not certain on which day they intended to leave London, I thought I should call at my uncle's house in Westend Square, and inquire. When I rang the bell, the door was opened by a tall woman respectably dressed in gray. She did not look at all like a servant, and seemed between forty and fifty. Her features were good, but masculine, and she was very pale, but her paleness was not unhealthy. To my inquiry if Mrs. —— was at home, she said, "No; they have all gone;" and before I had time to ask when they left, the door was shut. I knew that my uncle did not intend leaving town till the dissolution of parliament, and that, when his family were from home, he generally stayed at the Palace Hotel; so I went in search of him. I found he was staying there, but was not in. I then went to his club, but was unable to find him. I wished to know when I was expected at Brighton; but as I was aware that I should be welcome at any time, my chief reason in looking for him was to find out who the strange woman was that was taking care of his house, as I could not get her face out of my head. I did not see him, however, and the next day I left for Brighton. I took the earliest opportunity of asking my aunt in whose charge she had left the house.

"There is no one in the house," she said; "it is locked up."

I then told her that I had gone to the house; and described the woman who had opened the door, adding, that she was one of the strangest-looking women I had ever seen. My aunt said that I must be mistaken, as it was quite impossible there could be any one there. My cousins agreed with her, and asked me among other things, whether I had dined before going to the square.

"I know what he has done," cried Amy, a smart child of eight—"he has rung the wrong bell." This theory appeared to receive general acceptance; but I was not to be done out of my belief in this manner, and stuck firmly to my original assertion. My favorite cousin, Annie, was the only one who took my part, and said, that for all they knew, some one might have got into the house.

"If any one had got into the house," said my aunt, "it is quite evident that they would not open the door to any person who came to it."

"But," pleaded Annie, "if they were there for no harm!"

"Nonsense," said one of her sisters; "it's an hallucination." At this, they all laughed, and I joined them, though I was in no laughing mood.

As Annie had taken my part, she did not desert me, but telegraphed to her papa to go to their house, and ring the bell, knock at the door three times, and say, "Open sesame." When she told us her message, she added: "If there is any one in the house, they are certain to come for that;" to which we all agreed. My uncle, who would do anything for his daughter, did as he was requested, and telegraphed back that all his efforts had made no impression on the door. I was then left alone. Annie sided with the rest in telling me I had made a mistake. I was unshaken, however, and the recollection of the strange appearance of the person who had opened the door made me feel very uncomfortable. I made some excuse to go up to town the next day, and determined to investigate the matter for myself. On arriving in London, I went at once to my uncle's house. I rang the bell, but no answer. I knocked, but all was still. I again rang furiously, and even kicked the door, but in vain. I began to think that I must, on the former occasion, have gone to the wrong door, and went out some distance from the house to look at it before leaving. The blinds were all down; but just as I was turning to go away, I saw a hand holding the bottom of one of them, and which was at once withdrawn. It was merely for an instant that I saw this, and I left, feeling rather sick.

I returned to Brighton the next day, and told what I had seen. I could not, however, affirm that I had seen the hand with the same confidence as I had spoken about the woman. The action was so instantaneous, that I felt I might have been deceived; so that when my cousins began to cross-examine me on the subject, and show its unlikelihood, I rather wavered. When I admitted that I had rung and knocked for about five minutes, without any one coming, they evidently thought that I was mistaken on both occasions, and had seen nothing. My aunt had not this time ventured to give any opinion. Much to my disgust, they then began to talk of people who had imagined they saw all sorts of strange things, till at last my aunt stopped them. She was looking very grave, and put numerous questions to me about my health. Was I quite certain I had not been reading too hard lately? My cousins understood her, and were silent. I saw Annie looking very pitifully at me. They evidently thought my mind was affected. This was more than I could bear, and I quite believed what they told me the next few days, that I was looking very unwell indeed. My uncle came down for a night. He took me aside, and began talking rather mysteriously. "Young men," he said, "reading law in chambers ought to take great care of their health, and not overwork themselves." I had not had a hook in my hand for about a month, but I did not tell him so. He strongly advised me to take a tour on the continent. When I saw my aunt, she repeated what her husband had said. They had evidently had a conference about me. As I did feel a little unwell, and had no desire to stay among people who thought I was a little crazed, I replied that I thought that a little travelling would do me good. I found some men whom I had known at college, who were going to Switzerland, and they asked me to join them. We spent three very pleasant weeks in rambling about, and then we went to Vienna. I saw many people I knew, and quite forgot why I had left England. The memory of that strange-looking woman never haunted me while I was away. I was away altogether about five weeks. The day after I returned to London, as I was going to Westend Square, to see if my uncle had returned before going to Scotland, the thought of what I had seen at his house darted into my mind. Just then I met a friend. "Have you heard of the great robbery at your uncle's?" he said. I was unable to answer him. "I have not heard particulars," he continued, "but it seems to have been a very wholesale one." While they were at Brighton, the house had actually been gutted. Pictures, carpets, and even chairs had been taken away. In fact, almost every article that was portable had been carried off. There had been no plate left in the house, so that was the only thing of value that was saved. It could be seen that the burglars had actually lived in the house; they had made a raid on the wine-cellar, and had left the empty bottles in all corners of the house. They had left a well-written letter, thanking my uncle for the use of his house, and for what they had taken, and stating that on some future occasion they might pay him another visit. Not the slightest clue to the thieves was ever, so far as I am aware, discovered. The police did not allow the thing to get into the papers, as they thought it might hinder them in finding out the burglars. I expected some apologies for my statements having been doubted. Instead of that, however, I was told it was very foolish of me not to have informed the police of what I had seen. The reader may judge for himself whether I was more to blame than those I did inform.

Advertising for a Governess, and What Came of It.

Mr. J. H. Westcott, of Saratoga, a reputable and well-to-do widower, of middle age, with a married son and daughter living in New York, and a child daughter living with them, recently advertised in a New York paper for a governess to the latter. Among those who replied was Miss Kate Bunting, a blonde, and pretty young lady of New York, who told him that she was at a boarding-school in Princeton, New Jersey, and had been notified by her principal that she would be required to leave on account of her expenses having been left much in arrear by her father, a New York broker. The reply led to a meeting in this city at an early hour, and as neither had breakfasted, they adjourned to a restaurant. Mr. Westcott, after some conversation, said, "If you were older, or I were younger, I would offer to make you my wife." "How do you know that I would have you?" replied the lady. He urged the matter, and she asked if he could give references regarding himself, as he was a stranger to her. He replied in the affirmative, and on leaving drove with her to the Gilsey House, the proprietor of which, Mr. Hodges, informed her satisfactorily of Mr. Westcott's position. The pair then drove to the store of a merchant, who also spoke well of Mr. Westcott, and after this the young lady told Mr. Westcott that she would marry him. They then proceeded to the house of the Rev. Dr. Goer, rector of the church of St. Timothy, and were married. A certificate was given, and they departed for Saratoga, arriving at the American Hotel there the next day, on the 12th instant. They dined at the public table, and walked about the village. After that the lady kept her room in a tearful state, apparently regretting her hasty step. On Friday evening the couple were serenaded by some young friends of Mr. Westcott, whom he invited into a neighboring restaurant, where himself and wife joined them at supper. The next morning, as the bride was looking out of a window, she exclaimed: "There is my Uncle Stockton from New Jersey," and went to him. Mr. Stockton, after conversing with her, procured the services of a lawyer and announced at the hotel that the pretended marriage to his niece was no marriage at all, that she had been abducted, and that he had come to rescue her. He telegraphed to Mr. Bunting, who arrived on Sunday last and entered the young lady's room in company with Mr. Stockton and an officer. She rushed to her father's arms. He asked her if she wished to go home. She replied, "Oh, yes! Oh, father, this is awful!" Taking her hat and cloak, she departed by a back door and hastily drove off with him toward Albany. Mr. Westcott in the meantime was conversing near the front door of the hotel with some gentlemen and did not know of the departure of his wife till an hour after. He is in great tribulation, and will no doubt furnish a sequel to the romance either by acquiescing in a divorce or attempting a legal fight for the recovery of his bride.

Dancing.

The exercise of dancing is favorable to health, and the graceful development of the body; but, like all physical exercise, it must be pursued at seasonable times, and under such circumstances as are dictated by nature, or it will become hurtful. With every additional movement of the limbs the respiration is increased, and the lungs take in a larger supply of air; and this, if not pure, will act upon the system with the virulence of a poison. We need hardly say, what must be obvious to every one who has breathed it, that the atmosphere of the crowded ball-room is not in the condition suitable to health. Better no exercise at all than exercise under such unfavorable circumstances. Indeed, ball-room dancing frequently becomes a source, as we all know, of prostration and ill-health. No frequenter of the crowded ball-room will pretend that he or she, after a long night's indulgence in its pleasures, sleeps more soundly, awakes more refreshed, and resumes the duties or labors of the day with a lighter step and a lighter spirit. The looks are certainly not improved. Whatever, therefore, may be said in favor of fashionable dancing as a social element, it cannot be justified as an exercise favorable to the health and beauty of the body. The best physical discipline is to be found in regular and cheerful exercise in the open air. Those sports, which are often termed manly, but are no less womanly, as riding, boating, ball-playing, and brisk walking, are the best means of not only giving strength to the body, but endowing it with grace of form and motion.

Emblems on Tombs.

The devices which we see on old tombs distinguish, by their emblematic differences, the dead which they enclose. The legs of crusaders were crossed; the right hand of prelates was raised, as if in benediction; bishops bore the crozier in the left hands, abbots in their right, less dignified priests bore a chalice; kings and bishops had gloves on both hands; officers of state and other noblemen are represented with a glove on the right hand, for the purpose of supporting a hawk, while the other glove is off and is held in the left hand. Lions at the left testify vigilance and courage; and human heads may be seen under the feet of one of the figures in the Temple church, denoting infidels slain in the crusades. Dragons under the feet pierced, as for example, by the staves of the abbots of Peterborough, express triumph over the devil; and sometimes an escalop-shell would be engraven under the cross, to denote that the occupant of the tomb had in lifetime performed a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James at Compostella. There are recorded many instances of bad taste in tombs. It was, for example, a fashion at one time to represent on them a body in a state of corruption. There is one of a Duc de Crove, in a church near Louvain, where a skeleton is represented with the worms preying on it.

☞ A SINGULAR TREE.—In the island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular tree, called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell; but the sun no sooner begins to shine on them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "What is the price of Remnants?" inquired a woman at the photograph gallery a day or two ago. She meant Rembrandts probably.

☞ Out in Indiana, last week, a man named Gale married a woman named Breeze. Look out for squalls.

☞ The Wabash river is so low that the pickerel stand on their head to wet their gills. The natives pull them up as they do onions.

☞ The duke and duchess of Edinburgh were welcomed on their arrival at Gravesend by an individual named Death.

☞ A resident of Delta, Iowa, writes to the postmaster general: "If you don't git some one to run this 'ere post office party soon it'll be throwd in the river, for I'm going off on a bear hunt and can't fool any moar."

☞ A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, writing from Mississippi, says that Governor Ames, of that State, has an oval face, aquiline nose, and "large, honest ears." If large ears are a sign of honesty the country is safe. There are enough such appendages to make the present an era of perfect moral purity.

☞ A Yale student who is evidently in the "journalistic" department writes a twelve-verse poem which is entitled, "We kissed each other by the sea." "Well, what of it?" asks a western editor; "the seaside is no better for such practices than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some very sweet work of that kind on the towpath of a canal in our time, but did not say anything about it in print."

☞ There are 250 different tints of gray displayed in spring goods.

☞ The Louisville Courier-Journal asks for a law prohibiting the use of perfumery by hotel waiters.

☞ The new St. Stephen's church of Brooklyn is surmounted by a transparency in the shape of a cross, having 750 gas jets. It can be seen for a great distance down the bay.

☞ Thousands of young trout, about two inches in length, were recently thrown up to the height of thirty feet, from an artesian well, in Francisco, one hundred and forty-five feet deep.

☞ A Mississippi paper says a lady recently met an old colored woman on the streets whom she knew. She met her with "howdo, Aunt Maria?" The aged negress raised herself erect, placed her arms akimbo, and remarked loftily, looking sideways: "I ain't yer aunt, and I ain't yer uncle; Ise yer ekall."

☞ Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen in the April Galaxy tells us, by authority of the orthographic sufferer, how to spell the name Tourguéneff; now if some one, say Björnstjerne Björnson, would kindly tell us how to pronounce Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's name, we should feel less tired when we saw it. We have a kindly feeling toward the old darkey who got over his difficulty with patriarchal names in his Bible reading, "I call them all Moses, and let them go."

☞ A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry-goods house and inquired for a "beau." The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a beau, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods, immediately.

☞ A wag went to the station of one of the railroads one evening, and, finding the best car full, said, in a low tone, "Why, this car isn't going!" Of course this caused a general stampede, and the wag took the best seat. Soon the car started, and in the midst of the indignation the wag was asked: "Why did you say this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."

☞ Says the New Bedford Mercury:—"The Centurion used to tell a good story of a man of rather dubious character, who lived in —— Tiverton, perhaps. He was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and soon sent for his minister. The clergyman was faithful as well as affectionate in dealing with his parishioner, who listened to his spiritual adviser patiently, and at length said: 'Well, parson, I've made up my mind, that if I get well, I shall in the *future* live principally honest.'"

☞ A Washington philologist claims to have discovered that M. C. does not stand for "mental culture."

☞ Mr. Hoss, born and reared in Alabama, never walked a step in his life. He has his second wife. At his former marriage he was supported at the side of his bride in a huge basket; but on the latter occasion, basket weddings not being fashionable, he was held up on the side of his bed.

☞ A Vienna journal contains the following advertisement: "Anna Agrikol, sick nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts, and delicacies." Mrs. Agrikol, it would appear, is a rather handy lady.

☞ A French periodical states that the sale of artificial eyes in Paris amounts to four hundred a week. The demand for artificial eyes is much greater than would commonly be supposed, and large numbers are exported to India, and even to the Sandwich Islands.

☞ TEST SIGN OF DEATH.—Tie a string firmly around one of the fingers of the supposed corpse; if the blood circulates in the least the whole finger from the string to the tip will swell and become discolored. The Academy of Sciences in Paris offered $4,000 for the discovery of a conclusive test of the sort. This was among the most simple and satisfactory of the suggestions.

☞ The Dowager Duchess of Richmond is dead. She led an uneventful life, but was passionately fond of boiled salmon.

☞ A few days since the road master of the Rock Island road, with a companion, travelled from Washington to Muscatine on a hand-car, propelled entirely by a sail about six feet square. The strong wind blowing at the time enabled him to make the trip—forty miles—in just two hours, the average time made by passenger trains.

☞ The Committee on Music in the Boston public schools find that out of 3 348 pupils in the schools of the city only seventy-eight are not able to join the musical exercises. It has been noted that many children who enter school seeming to be entirely without musical perception have, as a result of the training received, developed an excellent capacity for singing.

☞ Before the stout English Princess Mary became the Princess of Teck, her friends tried to get up a match between her and Victor Emanuel. He came over to see her, and, after the interview, exclaimed: "Why, that woman would sit on the seven hills of Rome at once."

☞ WHICH?—Kate Stanton, in her lecture on "The Loves of Great Men," asserts that the planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, like a child revolves about his parent. When the writer was a boy, he used to revolve round his parent a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunk-strap.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ An Illinois judge has decided that the marriage of a person subsequent to the making of his will, acts as a revocation of that instrument.

☞ Among the literary treasures said to have been left by Mr. Sumner, is the Bible of John Bunyan, with the autograph of the author of the Pilgrim's Progress written in it.

☞ The first game of base ball ever played in London took place February 27, sides being chosen from the cricketers present by Spalding, the pitcher of the Bostons, and W. R. Briggs, of the Beacons of Boston. Briggs secured much the stronger nine, Alcock, the well known cricket authority, proving an effective pitcher, while Spalding had no one to hold his swift pitching. The score was 17 for Briggs's side to 5 for Spalding's.

☞ Four Yale students a few nights ago climbed to the old college clock by means of the lightning rod and a broken window. They cut the bell rope after they had got into the tower, and, binding it around one of their number, let him down on the outside to the clock's face so that he could get the hands. The hands on both sides were broken off and carried away. The boys also took away some of the works of the clock for private distribution.

☞ An Iowa jury recently decided that when a marriage engagement is broken off, the parties must return all presents, or their value in money.

☞ It is said that the strings and tapes necessary for the proper arrangement of the new skirts are as numerous and intricate as the running rigging of a clipper ship.

☞ Many of the New York milliners find it necessary to issue cards for their opening receptions to prevent rivals in trade visiting their establishments and stealing ideas.

☞ "How did it happen that your house was not blown away by that hurricane last week?" asked a scientific observer, who was following the track of a tornado, of a farmer whose house lay right in the line of destruction. "I don't know," replied the farmer, "unless it's because there's a heavy mortgage on it."

☞ A TRAVELLED CENT.—The Portland, Me., Press says that five years ago a gentleman in that city scratched his name on a nickel cent and sent it on its travels. Eighteen months after this cent came into the possession of a Lowell acquaintance, who marked his name upon it. Two years later it turned up in Pennsylvania, and came into the possession of a former chum of the Portlander. Recognizing the name, he inscribed his also on the coin. One day this week the man who started the cent on its travels was making a purchase in a Lowell store, when the identical nickel which had left his pocket five years ago was handed to him in change.

NOT AT ALL LIKE ME.

Two little monkeys were swinging one day
In the top of a cocoanut tree,
Said one little M. to the other, "Ahem!
You don't look at all like me—
Not at all, not at all like me.

"My nose is turned up much higher than yours,
And my eyes they are wondrously small,
My fingers are longer, my tail it is stronger—
Oh, no! you're not like me at all—
Don't frown; but, indeed, not at all.

"You needn't be mad, it isn't my fault,
That so strongly I favor my ma:
She'd a sweet monkey face, and was belle of this place
Before she married my pa.
Yes, and after she married my pa."

Not a word said her friend, but she threw out her arms,
With a look of deep indignation,
And she whacked the "belle" till she tottered and fell,
And that ended the conversation—
Quite ended the conversation.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

A London correspondent writes:—"The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been endowed with an income something like $200,000 a year. They are to have at least two magnificent residences in England—one, Clarence House, in town, and another, not, I believe, fully decided on yet, in the country. Besides, they will have two establishments at St. Petersburg, when they chdoose to visit that frigid native clime of the Duchess Marie. This is leaving out of account the freedom that they will be able to make of Windsor and Buckingham Palace and Balmoral and Marlborough House and Sandringham, the residences of Alfred's royal mother and brother. And what, then, will be their life? A number of persons of noble birth will be attached to them as ladies and gentlemen in waiting, equerries, and high social attendants. They will have stables, with an ample choice of equine flesh for every imaginable purpose of pleasure. Their chariots, coupes, dog-carts, cabriolets, pony carriages, will enable them to enjoy every variety of comfortable and showy drivings. They may go where they list, for the greatest nobles will be only too glad to receive them chez eux, and the royal boxes at the theatres and opera and the best places on the grand stand of the turf will be at their good service. If they want to be talked about and cheered, they have only to take a turn in Rotten Row of a morning, or go to the infinite variety of public occasions, which are always turning up, and where royalty is always in lively demand, distribute prizes and open hospitals, preside at charitable meetings and make their appearance at paper fairs. But if they prefer quiet luxury, they may retire and remain in their costly, elegant town or country nests, with every amusement which the art of man has devised within their reach, and with full power to change the conditions of their pleasures as they will."

A Pyrotechnic Story.

It is hard to convince a woman, says the Savannah News. A Wilkinson county man carried home some fireworks for his son and heir, and his wife undertook to superintend the display. The husband protested that he would fix the tricks, but a sarcastic remark from the partner of his joys, to the effect that some men thought they knew everything, silenced him. The woman then proceeded to show her son how it was done. She first seized a Roman candle and grimly proceeded to ignite it. The fuse was damp, and to facilitate matters, the woman fanned the spark into life by blowing on it. The response of the candle was too sudden to contemplate. The front hair and eyebrows of the adventurous female disappeared as if by magic, and the candle fell into the collection of fireworks and proceeded to fire itself off with great exactness, igniting the other projectiles. A casual skyrocket skimmed along the grass, causing the family cat to ascend the nearest tree with great violence, while a fiery serpent took refuge in the husband's bosom. The author of all this trouble, discovering that her clothes were on fire, sailed around the house with as much earnestness as the liveliest pyrotechnic, and it was some moments before the frightened husband could arrest her wild career. Later, the son and heir was found under the house with the back of his jacket burned out. The woman is now an invalid, and the man writes to a friend that he never had a more enjoyable New Year.

☞ The Scientific American predicts that the time is approaching, when ice will be artificially made in every American city for $1 a ton.

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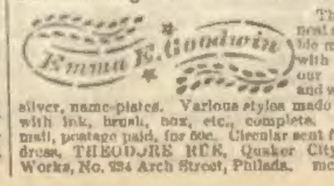

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THE LITTLE HEART THAT WAITS.

The evening breeze is singing low
A lullaby to-day;
I have a question I would ask,
Before it dies away.
The pebbles on the beach are dry,
The tide has sunken low;
A little form is standing there,
Between the ebb and flow.

A tangled mass of soft brown hair,
Two eyes cast meekly down,
A little face the sun has kissed,
Two cheeks a little brown;
Two little lips that pout and say,
"I do not think I know;"
Two little lips that tell a fib!
Between the ebb and flow.

A little heart that longing waits
To know what next 'twill hear;
A little face that shyly looks
To see if still I'm near.
Ah! little heart that whispered "Yes,"
Though pouting lips said "No,"
You thought that you'd be asked again
Between the ebb and flow.

A little face half frightened when
I turned to go away;
Two little hands that shyly reach
As if to bid me stay;
A little voice that softly says,
"I did not mean that 'No;'"
A little pride that well was lost
Beneath the ebb and flow.

KYLE GRIFFITHS.

A Tale of the Welsh Coast.

BY THEO. GIFT.

A sea like a duck-pond, calm as glass and red as fire; a long strip of snow-white sand, backed by precipitous rocks, gray by day, red too now from the incarnadine arch of sunset sky above; to the westward a strip of land running out into the harbor, and showing black as ink against the lower line of living gold, where, far beyond, the sun has just dipped his flaming orb to rest behind the waves. Over the point the topsail rigging of a three-masted vessel. Nearer, in the foreground, a girl seated on a heap of dried seaweed, her pretty brown dimpled arms clasped about her knees, her head uncovered save by a mass of black silky curls, thrown back and resting against an old boat, moss-grown and broken, and long disused, which had found its last haven in this quiet nook. It was all very quiet at first, but by and by a step came trampling over the hard, smooth sands. The young girl's cheek glowed with a deeper red, and her breast began to heave and her hands to tremble, as though she were a bird on the eve of flying to its mate. Not being a bird, but a woman, however, she coquetted—sat still, staring at the sunset she did not see, and started and almost screamed when a big man, brown and bearded and muscular, came suddenly round the stern of the ruined boat, and with a short exclamation, half-choked as in great gladness, took her straight into his arms, and hugged her until she screamed in right earnest—

"Kyle, put me down! put me down! How dare you be so rude, sir? Let me go; please do."

"Not till you've given me a kiss, Faithie," said the other, keeping his hold good-humoredly, yet with something of reproach in his grave, blue eyes. "What! not one after three months' waiting? Why, lassie, I thought you cared for me a bit better nor that. An' I hungering for this minute every day and hour since I left you."

The tone of the reminder—perhaps even the slackening of his arms—touched her. Faith Morgan had a warm little heart, albeit five years younger and smaller than the one against which it was beating now. Inconsistent as a true woman, the moment he let go she began to cling, and put up her lips.

"I do care for you, Kyle," she said, "only—only you startled me so," and forthwith she began to sob like a baby. He made no answer at first, only kissing her with close, tender kisses on lips and eyes, till the tears were driven back, and the lips ponted.

"Now, Kyle, do let me go. You're so rough, and—and some one might be passing."

"And what if some one was?" asked the sailor, loosening his hold, however, and letting her resume her former seat, while he took up a position on the boat's keel beside her. "Who has a better right to kiss you than I? I can tell you, Sam Jones's lassie didn't wait for him to begin, for we walked up from the pier together, and she had the house door open and her arms round his neck, while he was still peering up at the window on the chance of her looking out."

"Nancy Evans is a bold girl," quoth Faith, tartly. "If those are the manners you like, Kyle, I wonder you didn't try to cut Jones out when you first came here."

"I come between another man and his lass!" cried the sailor, staring; "but there, you're joking, sweetheart; and besides, you know there's never a girl in Wales, or England either, that could meet my fancy save your little self alone."

The honest indignation in his tone, however ludicrous in itself, had a softening effect on Faith. Her big brown eyes grew suddenly wet, and her voice sank to a half shame-faced whisper.

"I wouldn't wonder if you took to a foreign girl, Kyle. Some say they're prettier than we are."

"You would ha' wondered, though," retorted Kyle, promptly. "I'prettier than you! I'd like to see the woman. Faith, give me your hand, and turn your face this way. Do you think I'll be content with the back of your head to-night?"

He took her hand as he spoke, and she let him keep it; but her face was still turned away, and there was a faint quiver about the ruddy lips. Perhaps her next words explained it.

"Father says you're going away again, almost at once, Kyle."

"Aye; when he came aboard to meet us he gave me the offer. It did seem hard, a'most too hard, when I'd hoped to have a little rest aside of you afore I wont away again. But after all it will shorten the time o' waiting one way, lassie."

"How, Kyle?"

"Didn't your father say I was to wait for you till I was a captain? I'm going as captain this time, and only for a six weeks' trip; leastways, that's what they calculate it at. Some business with the New York agents, I think; but I suppose you've heard about it?"

"That the Olinda was to be fitted out for sale, and that you were to take her over, an' charter another vessel to bring you back? Yes; but won't it take you longer?"

"I doubt not. They're to have the boat and cargo ready. Mr. Denbigh's arranged all that. Did you know his son—the new junior partner—is to ship with us?"

"Yes," she said. Good heaven! how rosy her face was now; and yet the crimson sky was fading into blues and violets. He was looking at her, and the brows suddenly darkened over his eyes, giving them an odd, fierce expression. His voice, however, was quieter than before.

"I can't say I care about sailing with the owner's son. I'd liefer take any other passenger. They're apt to fancy that because they're boss ashore they need be boss aboard, an' I'm a masterful man myself, an' don't hold with no Co.s in salt water. Howsever, I shouldn't mind so much if I liked the man."

"And don't you?" asked Faith timidly, her color still high.

"Do you?" said he, stooping forward to look her full in the face. "He's been a deal at Amlwch since I left, people tell me, an' you must ha' seen plenty of him. What do you think of him?"

"I, Kyle?"—her eyes drooping beneath the sharp scrutiny—"I—I don't know. He's pleasant-spoken and civil. I think he's nice enough."

"And I think him a cross between fool and ape," quoth Kyle Griffiths shortly; "son of a sea-cook! Well, Faith, I wonder—"

Faith snatched her hand away angrily. "He has more manners than you," cried she, panting and ruffling like an enraged sparrow; "he is a gentleman at any rate, an' would never dream of using snob language of people he don't even know more than to speak to. Oh!"—and here feelings were too much for words, and an indignant little sigh and shiver filled the gap.

Even the violet was dying out of the sky now, and cool gray shadows crept up from the east, and threw a sombre tint over the man's face. A small, cold wind rose out of the sea, ruffling its breast with long, fretful lines, like the puckered face of an ailing child. It chilled the dimples in Faith's cheeks, and blew the soft brown locks off Kyle's stern brow; and far overhead a gull flew by, with a long shrill scream, like the wail of a banshee. Before it ceased Kyle spoke—

"He is a gentleman, is he? I thank God, then, I am not. Had I been one I might have been betrothed to some fine lady, l'stead o' the daughter of an honest seafaring man like myself. Faith, twice these five minutes have you found fault with my manners. I don't say they're finer nor a rough sailor's have need to be, but you never laid blame on them before. Has this gentleman been teaching you to do so in my absence this time?"

Women are constitutionally cowards. Faith Morgan was a very woman. For all reply at first she, metaphorically turned tail, and took refuge behind that ever-ready shield of femineity, a burst of tears. It was not until they had lasted long enough to make Kyle apostrophize himself as a brute that she sobbed out—

"How c-c-cruel you are! You kn-n-now that I love you as you are better than—and yet—oh!" Another burst, and the pretty head drooping very near Kyle's knee. Involuntarily he laid his hand caressingly upon it. Involuntarily his voice took a softened, soothing tone.

"Am I cruel, Faithie, and to you? Nay, then, don't cry. Mayhaps I was over-sharp, but I was met on landing by ill talk about young Denbigh an' you. They said he had been taking my place, an' though I wouldn't believe it, nor even hearken to the foul-tongued gossips, it sort o' out me when you spoke up for him. Faith, lassie, I love you more than many a husband. If you were to play me false with any one, I think I'd feel like killing him an' you too."

He looked like it at the moment, and she believed him, and trembled at the mingling of passionate tenderness and wrath in his tone. Instinctively she turned and clasped his strong hand in both hers, her face turned up coaxingly.

"Don't think o' such things, Kyle, love; you know I never could. What's Mr. Denbigh to me, but father's partner?"

He was holding the soft hands, and looking down into the sweet eyes. The moon, just rising, glittered on something which, unnoticed by her, had escaped from the folds of her neckerchief—a golden circle, with the portrait of a man within.

"Faith," said Kyle Griffiths, in a tone which strove for steadiness, "you're wearin' a grand new trinket since I saw you last. Who gave you that?"

He spoke too suddenly. With a quick, frightened gesture she snatched away her hand, as if to hide the bauble. With a face deeply, terribly red, the red of cowardly consciousness, she stammered out—

"I—I—it's nothing—father's—I mean I bought it."

Without a word Kyle loosed her wrist and rose up. Without a word he turned from her; only when he had gone ten steps he came back, and said, very hoarse and low—

"Faith Morgan, you have told me a lie, an' you know it. I can't say if it was for the first time, but I can say it shall be the last. I wondered"—and his voice sank deeper still—"that you should shrink when I took you in my arms awhile ago. I wonder now you dared let me do it, wi' that man's face lying between my heart an' yours. Go to him now, an you will; I want no wife on whom I can't depend in word an' deed."

He was gone the next moment; and Faith, sobbing bitterly with grief and anger, went home to find Philip Denbigh at the garden gate waiting for her.

He had been courting her for the last two months; and she—had coquetted with him. Flirting is not an amusement confined to the upper ten. I have heard of a young Patagonian squaw who was as finished an adept at it as any Belgravian beauty; and Faith, an only child and the prettiest girl in Amlwch, had been wonderfully fond of trying her fascinations on the "weaker" sex, till the arrival of a new first-mate for her father's favorite vessel, the vessel he had commanded himself until he was admitted to a partnership in the firm of Denbigh & Co., his employers, Kyle Griffiths, big as a giant, true as the light of day, and masterful as he said himself, had "cut out" all the rest in no time, and won Faith for his own undivided property. She never even cared to look at any one else when he was by; and, I believe, loved him sincerely as was in her nature, with most womanly affection; but when Kyle was away at sea, and young Mr. Denbigh came to Amlwch—Mr. Denbigh, who was what she called a gentleman; some one who wore fine clothes, and had white hands, and a curly mustache—and when this hero testified an immediate and violent admiration for herself, how could she help being pleased? how could she help going back to the old habits?

She did not help either. Mr. Denbigh made love; and she smiled and flirted, all unconscious in her flattered vanity of what the neighbors were saying, until, just three days before Kyle's return, the suitor brought matters to a crisis by a declaration. They had had a tiff about a photo. of Faith, which Denbigh had stolen and put in his locket; and he had brought her a fine gold locket with one of himself in it, and begged her to accept it and take the donor into the bargain.

Followed a wakening for silly little Faith, and the confession, "But I am engaged!"

Followed anger (from the gentleman) and tears (from the lady.)

Followed fresh solicitations, more ardent from the rebuff, and fresh "noes," more feeble from remorse and shame.

Followed tremendous scenes of masculine woe and anguish, and feminine contrition and soothing.

Finally Denbigh left the house, determined to try again on his return from America; and Faith remained with the locket, which she had at last consented to keep and wear, as some small salve to the giver's wounded affections. She loved Kyle far, far better than his rival; but Philip Denbigh was so handsome and sweet-spoken, it would be downright cruel to refuse him such a trifle as hanging the trinket round her neck for a day or two; and no one need ever know.

Nevertheless some one did know—now; and the sweet-spoken gentleman got a savage snubbing on this aforementioned evening.

"Kyle will hear I refused him, and come back. He'll never leave me so. He must ask my pardon first," thought the weeping beauty, that night.

He did not ask pardon, however, nor come back. The Olinda sailed three days later, and Faith's two lovers sailed in it. Kyle had a beautiful black retriever, which he had been used to leave behind to "take care of his lassie love while he was gone." He took it with him this time; and Faith nearly wept her lovely eyes out, that she had been too proud to own her folly and seek a reconciliation before he went. Patience! it would be only six weeks, or at the most eight, and then he would be back, and she would be good—so good and meek. He must forgive her then.

* * * * *

Eight weeks had passed—eight weeks all but two days—when the sun went down in stormy grandeur, one cold evening, on the Irish Sea. It had been blowing great guns all day, and for many days and nights before; and the waves had wrestled terribly with a crazy barque which, with creaking timbers and leaking pores, with strained and naked masts bending beneath the gale, till at every lurch they seemed like to bury themselves in the foam-crested waves tumbling mountain-high around them, had striven like a living thing to weather the cruel storm.

Where was she now? The huge breakers, crested still with foam, turbid and purple-stained, dashed themselves, moaning and roaring, against the gray and iron-bound cliffs of the Welsh coast, flinging up great fragments of timber, torn and twisted scraps of sail-cloth, and battered, shapeless things, too awful in their piteous mutilation for any human name, against the pitiless rocks, only to suck them back again into the black and boiling gulf below. Above, great storm-rent clouds, black too, but fringed with fire, were gathering thickly over the threatening vault; and low on the horizon the sun, like a blood-red hand, pointed from between them to something black and broken, over which the sea was breaking in unresisted fury—the stem of a vessel with the broken bowsprit and foremast just visible amongst the foam and spray. Greatly as the wind had lessened, that sail looking red now before the angry sun was all the captain of the pilot-cutter cared to show even now to its tender mercies. It had been a work of danger to get near the wreck at all, hanging as she did in a nest of rocks; and there was a look of relief on more than one hardy, sunburnt face, when the order was given to tack and 'bout ship again.

Suddenly the captain caught up his spy-glass, which was lying beside him, and after a hasty glance through it, roared to the men to "hold all hard."

"There's summat living arter all," he said, pointing to a ridge of low outlying rocks, where some object was plainly discernible even by the naked eye. "There! just above the line o' high water. Can't none o' you see?"

"A man down on all-fours!" cried one of the crew. "Look, he's moved a bit higher. Poor fellow! he must be a rare plucked un surely to ha' kep' life in him so long."

"Lower the boat," said the captain, sharply. "Now, my lads, ready all. Jim" (to an old pilot)), "give us a coil o' that line. We mayn't be able to get over near him; an' I say, one o' you lubbers, chuck a bottle o' rum inter the stern-sheets—quick!"

They are brave, kindly men, those Welsh pilots; I have owed my life to them, and know; but I am afraid they thought their courage and kindness wasted when they found the object of it was—only a dog! They hauled him into the boat none the less, almost too much spent, poor fellow, to second their efforts; and then, while he was trying very feebly to lick the hands that had saved him, his beautiful eyes full, of a dog's gratitude, they saw he had a tin flask tied to his collar.

The captain opened it. "To Miss Faith Morgan, Amlwch," he said, reading something within; and then, not being a person of refined delicacy, he took the paper out, and opened and read that. This was what it said:—

"Boat just left with the crew and Philip Denbigh. No room for me; but no wish for it. Remember that. I give mine on board, with willing heart, to him you gave it to ashore. God bless you, sweetheart. Forgive my rude words as I forgive your falsehood. There's a Saviour more merciful than we are, an' to Him I pray to care for you, an' make you happy, as I would ha' tried to, had He been willed to let me."

They gave that paper, with the dog—a beautiful black retriever—to Faith Morgan. It was all that ever came to port of the ill-fated Pride of the West, the ramshackle old barque, which had been hastily patched up, and thought good enough to last one more voyage. Boat and crew were never heard of again. They must have perished with their fine young owner in the vain attempt to reach land that stormy night; and there was no tongue left to tell of those bitter eight weeks when the "sweet-spoken" gentleman strove, by every vulgar boast and innuendo, to torture the man whom he considered his successful rival—the man who was no gentleman, but who had the grand old knightly feelings that would have made him bear anything rather than, by word or retort, drag the name of the woman he loved into an unseemly dispute—the man whose unswerving discipline and tireless energy had alone preserved them even so long—the man who, when the ship had struck, and the cowardly scoundrel who owned it was clinging in frantic, helpless terror to his knees, when the men were shouting for the captain to join them and cast off, lifted in the miserable wretch first with his own strong arms; and then, seeing there was no room for more, cut the rope that held the boat to the sinking ship, and stayed alone—to die!

And Faith? Faith is living still. I met her yesterday coming up the high street at Amlwch, with her married daughter, each holding a hand of a wee, toddling, brown-eyed thing between them. A bright, bonny old woman she is too, with as comely a face as if the eyes had never been washed in salt tears, the brow never wrinkled under a cloud of care.

"I must be goin' home to my old man," she said, stopping at the corner. "Kiss grannie, sweetums," and then turned just at the churchyard-wall where stands a rough stone cross, "To the memory of the captain and crew of the Pride of the West."

Kyle's prayer has been granted—perhaps better by his death than if he had lived to carry it out. As Faith says—

"He was a rare good man, but hard, over-hard and stern for ord'nary folk."

Irascible Old Party (after having brought an angry discussion regarding the window to a triumphant conclusion)—"There, sir, the window shall be up, I say. I never allow a cad, sir; there, sir, I say a cad, sir!—to have his own way."

Cool Opponent—"Ah, don't you, indeed? I do, sometimes!"

How My Husband Stopped Smoking.

My husband knows that I do not like his one bad habit—smoking. I used to urge him to give it up; he replied that "it helped his digestion, but he would give it up by and by." "By and by you won't be able," I answered, but he "pooh! pooh'd!" and so the matter dropped. A few evenings ago, however, making one of those "great efforts" that "lead to noble ends," he said to me, "I've stopped smoking, my dear." Of course I was delighted, and hugged and kissed him as any delighted little wife would, and inwardly resolved to go down town the very next day and buy him a handsome pair of slippers. Two days, however, passed before I could manage it, but the third day found the slippers stowed away in my bureau drawer. After tea, when I knew he was in the sitting-room, I thought now was the time when he will be missing his usual smoke, to surprise him with "a token of his wife's appreciation of his self-denial." I had been mentally preparing my little speech all the afternoon; so with the slippers in my hands, and my hands behind my back, stole into the room. Yes, there he was, poor fellow! buried in his arm-chair, his feet very near the top of the coal stove, and the day's paper open before him. The back of the chair was toward me, so my arms were around his neck and the slippers in his lap before he was aware of my presence. He started and grew red; then recovering himself, he rose and knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar, and said: "I just thought I'd let you see I could stop smoking!"

Precious Stones.

In Germany each precious stone is invested with a symbolical meaning, and every month of the year is said to be under the influence of one of these stones. We print the list:

January	Garnet	Fidelity to promise.
February	Amethyst	Control of the passions.
March	Bloodstone	Courage and discretion.
April	Sapphire	Repentance, also Diamond, Innocence.
May	Emerald	Happiness.
June	Agate	Long life and health.
July	Ruby	Oblivion and grief.
August	Sardonyx	Conjugal felicity.
September	Chrysolite	Preservation from folly.
October	Aquamarine	Misfortune, also Opal, Hope.
November	Topaz	Friendship.
December	Turquoise	Success.

A Son of the First Napoleon.

A man who is said to be neither an adventurer nor a lunatic, and who lives in a small town of Tuscany, Italy, declares that he is the Duke de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I. He is said to resemble the Emperor as he was late in life. He says that in 1814, the child who was afterwards known as the Duke de Reichstadt, was substituted for him, and that he was first confided to a Dominican, and afterwards to a Knight of Malta. For sixty years this claimant has lived in Tuscany, on a modest income provided mysteriously, and although he has always declared himself the Duke de Reichstadt, he has never attempted to have his claim authorized.

TASTES DIFFER.

In London, in order to "get on," one must be very great or famous, or one must dance. Unless a man is a very decided catch and an object to the "mammas," or is enough of a lion to make him fit for exhibition, dancing is about his only utility. The average London man of society thinks dancing a very slow amusement. He is either athletic and prefers hunting and yachting, or he is dissolute, and simple pleasures pall upon his jaded appetite. As a rule, too, the important young men do not dance. The greater a man is the more is he careful to abstain from anything which will make him entertaining. His dullness is always in proportion to his distinction. The same holds true with regard to conversation or any other sort of contribution to the amusement of others. He only is agreeable and clever from whom fortune has withheld better gifts than talent or the power of pleasing. He only would be witty who is without solid advantages. A "talking man" is in danger of being snubbed, and nobody can help pitying the ridiculous fellows who sing at the afternoon "musicals."

To be sure, all young people dance. How would "golden youth" be possible if there were no "ball-rooms?" But when men get toward five-and-twenty, those who can afford not to dance desert the balls for the concert saloons. Young noblemen and eldest sons will spend a few moments at the parties, and as a great favor to the hostess, will walk through a quadrille with the prettiest girl in the room. But how can one who has at hand the can-can and the casinos find amusement in anything so puerile as the waltz? Who cares to talk to humdrum cousins when one can drink bad champagne with painted women in a gilded café near the Haymarket? It is only cadets, clerks in the treasury, youths with no particular expectations, who dance. Among diplomatists, attachecs waltz; a councillor or secretary may under protest. I knew one excessively light-headed envoy who would dance now and then, but who always took care to dance badly.

The talk of the young men concerning balls and parties is, however to be taken with a considerable discount. They are "bores," and this tone the poorer young men catch from the more fortunate swells. A clerk in the foreign office, when I asked him his destination, said, "To this —— ball." Of course the young man was exceedingly glad to have gotten a card, but he shuffled off to "this —— ball" with the air of a martyr.

Still, dancing men are scarce enough to make ladies who give parties anxious to get them; and if one is going to a ball, though it may be more dignified to walk about solus and stare, it is certainly pleasanter to dance.

Accordingly, when a diplomatic appointment made me a resident of London, I determined to learn to dance. Cato learned Greek when he was eighty, and I was twenty-five before I could do the deux temps. I was reared in a pious household, in which dancing was thought to be wicked. After leaving college I acquired a notion of my own dignity quite inconsistent with so frivolous a pastime. (I give my experience in this matter at some length, because I know it will represent that of a great many others.) But, of course, I outgrew this dignity in time, and came to look upon that notion as only another and rather small sort of coxcombry. Between your frivolous and your philosophic coxcomb I much prefer the former, as the more amiable of the two.—*Lippincott's for April.*

Courtship in Sweden.

Courtship and marriage in Sweden appear to be managed in a very peculiar way, and with as little waste of time to the contracting parties as possible. Du Chaillu says, "I saw one match made. He met her at the gate and poked his fingers in her ribs, and said, 'I want to get married; don't you?' 'Oh, I don't know. Go away.' 'Yes, you do; let's get married.' 'Well, ask papa.' 'No, never mind him; we'll get married anyhow.' And he went around telling everybody he saw, 'I am going to marry that girl.' The preparations continued during the three weeks required by law to have the banns published in the churches. Fishes were caught, stores for the feast laid in, beer brewed and whisky purchased. Wedding jollifications are indulged in for a week. This couple were married. They went from the church to the house, and the bridesmaids looked the bride in her room. The groom knocked at the door. 'How much will you give to come in?' 'Two cows and five dollars.' 'That's not enough.' 'Three cows and ten dollars.' 'Oh, you are rich; you must give more than that.' 'Five cows and twenty-five dollars,' was the final offer, which was accepted."

A Curious Mohammedan Legend.

According to the orthodox creed of Islam, women will be saved with men and all be made young again—all except one woman. Joseph, when viceroy of Egypt, was riding one day, when an old woman seized his reins and demanded alms. He turned to look at her, and was so shocked at her appearance that he involuntarily exclaimed, "How terribly homely you are!" "Then," said the old woman, "why don't you pray to God, who answers all your prayers, and ask him to make me beautiful?" Whereupon Joseph lifted up his hands and prayed for her, and instantly beheld her standing by him, young and lovely, so lovely that he loved her and made her his wife. She lived long after him, and died very aged, and went to Heaven, and is an old woman there now, and the only old woman there, for God makes all good women young again once, and she can never be made young again. She has had her turn.

☞ A St. Petersburg correspondent writes: "While upon the subject of balls I may note that at the Winter Palace the other night the ball-room was lit by 5,600 wax lights, and the whole suite of saloons and supper-rooms by 26,000. The exact number of persons who sat down to supper was 1,950, and your readers may judge of the cost of the feast when I say that one dish, of which there was far more than enough for all, was of exceedingly fine asparagus. Now, they tell me that asparagus in St. Petersburg, at this time of the year, for a supper of 2,000 persons, could not possibly have been bought for less than four thousand roubles, or between five and six hundred pounds." Think of three thousand dollars worth of asparagus for an evening party.

☞ Dress.—There is nothing that will so disarm and depress certain sensitive natures as conscious inferiority of dress. Until a degree of familiarity with the world has been acquired, or a man has learned that he has a recognized place in it, his dress either holds him up in his own self-respect or compels him into abject self-contempt.

Answers to Correspondents.

Pay Your Postage.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

A. C. S., (Princess Anne, Somerset Co., Md.) The poem of "Lars," by Bayard Taylor, may be obtained of almost any prominent bookseller. The price is $2.00, we believe. You ask us to solve an arithmetical problem for you, and send the answer by mail. That we must decline to do. It is asking too much of a busy editor, we think.

Amanda L. J., (Damascus, Va.,) writes: "1st. Is it proper to give your card (with your name on) without first being asked for it, or must the person who wishes it ask for it? 2d. If after writing a Valentine to a gentleman he finds out who sent it and writes a nice reply, is it improper for the lady to write an answer to him and congratulate him on being a good guesser? 3d. What do you think of my handwriting? also of my spelling?" 1st. Circumstances must govern one's action in such cases. If the parties are strangers, meeting in a way that renders acquaintanceship desirable and proper, cards may be exchanged without either asking the favor. If one has a card, it is a natural act simply to present it. 2d. We see nothing improper in all this, if the lady remembers all through that she is a lady. 3d. Both fair.

Marguerite, (Bear Creek, Ill.,) writes: "1st. I have a lady acquaintance, for whom I have a most sincere regard. She has two grown sons. Does their presence make it improper for me to visit her at her home? Take into consideration the fact that I think a great deal of the sons also. 2d. Where are the remains of Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln? 3d. What is the proper pronunciation of Anne Boleyn and Charlotte Corday?" 1st. If you are always circumspect and lady-like in your behavior on such visits, as we take it for granted you are, we see no objection to your continuing them. Perhaps it is one of the sons whom you are in reality most interested in. If so, be discreet. That's all. 2d. There have been several sensational stories told in relation to this matter, but there is probably no truth in any of them. The remains of Booth have found a quiet resting-place—but what matter where it is? 3d. Boo'-lin or Bul'-en; Cor'-day.

Golden, (Colorado,) writes: "1st. Suppose I start in business with another party (while under age), and we (after a few months) fail, can our creditors come on me after I become of age for the amount due them from the firm? 2d. What do the manufacturers use in mixing in their ground spices? 3d. How is the French mustard prepared? Do they mix vinegar with their mustard, &c. 4th. Can a person playing 'Casino' build more than one pile at a time? While in St. L. — I took your paper regular, but since I came West I could not get it until last evening. I happened to stop in a paper store, and in looking over the papers my eye caught sight of the Saturday Evening Post. I cannot describe the pleasure that crept over me in seeing it. However, it is safely in my hands now, and I have ordered it every week from the news agent. 5th. How is my handwriting?" 1st. It is our opinion that creditors would have no legal power over you under such circumstances. Of course you are in honor bound to pay up your share of the loss as soon as you can. 3d. The manufacturers only know; anything but the pure spice itself, we fear, in many cases. 3d. A part of the process may be to label it French, whether it is or not. A rose will smell as sweet by any other name, but a foreign brand must, it appears, be given our pickles and mustard to make them taste. As to the actual preparation, whether it is done on this side of the Atlantic or the other, we know nothing. 4th. We know nothing of the game. 5th. Good; but read what "Down Easter" says in regard to this oft-repeated question.

A Constant Reader, (Monmouth, Ill.,) writes: "1st. Would a boy sixteen years old ever make an actor in a show? 2d. Where and how are show actors trained? 3d. Do you think 'Magic Compound' or hair curler will curl the hair? 4th. What would a small printing-press, sufficient to print a small country paper, cost? 5th. I am a boy sixteen years of age, and have always had a strong desire to get an education. Being poor, would you advise me to continue my studies? 6th. Do you think 'Ray's Arithmetics' and Algebras are good works of the kind? 7th. For what length of time was Marshal Bazaine sentenced to prison, and for what? 8th. Where could I purchase a book from which to learn stenography? 9th. Is there any book published from which to learn to turn handsprings, the art of jumping, &c.? 10th. Who discovered the laws of gravitation? 11th. What class of animals does man belong to, the Vertebrate or the Articulate? 12th. Can you give me a remedy for chapped hands?" 1st. That would depend upon his natural abilities, and the use he made of them. But whether or not he possessed any aptitude for such performances, we would strongly dissuade any boy from entering upon such a life. 2d. The training of "show-actors" is a matter of which we know but little, and we do not care to enlarge our stock of information. 3d. Nature is the best hand at curling hair. If she won't do it for you, let it alone. 4th. About $1,500, we should judge. 5th. Certainly we would. Be in earnest about it, and you will succeed. 6th. Yes; but text-books, if they are only tolerable, are of less importance than a persistent, determined spirit to study and master them. 7th. We do not just now recollect the period of Marshal Bazaine's sentence. His offence was the alleged traitorous surrender of the fortress of Metz during the Franco-German war. 8th. Of course publisher of educational works. 9th. There are various works on gymnastics which would probably give you the information you desire; but what does a "boy of sixteen" need in that line? Every boy ought to be master of the art of jumping, without an instructor. 10th, Sir Isaac Newton. 11th. Regarding man as an animal, he belongs to the class of vertebrates. 12th. Glycerine, applied every night before retiring, is good.

Curious, (Philada.) The real name of the author you ask about is as given. You must excuse us from answering your other question, as we cannot reply to personal queries concerning our writers.

J. A., (Clarksville, Red River Co., Texas,) writes: "A friend of mine is about to commence mining operations, on an extensive scale in Arkansas, and he asked me to write to you for an answer to the following queries: 1st. What is considered the best Treatise on Metallurgy, where can it be got, and at what price? Can you procure and forward it to my address? 2d. Where do you consider the best place to have the ore tested; and what would it cost? 3d. There are a number of excellent works on metallurgy, the best of which is probably Smith's. The price of the book is $3.00. We cannot furnish it. Write to some prominent bookseller. 2d. Apply to some practical metallurgist for information on these points.

Teacher, (Bryan, Ohio,) writes: "Here is a question that has been much discussed lately among us. Will you please answer it? Suppose a train of cars be moving with the velocity of a cannon ball, and a cannon on the train be fired in the opposite direction from the train. Would the ball drop down from the mouth of the cannon?" It is our opinion that the two motions would counteract each other, and the ball drop to the ground.

O. P. N., (Democrat, Penn.,) We know nothing of the paper concerning which you inquire, except that we believe there is such a publication.

S. R., (Warsaw, N. Y.) We do not discuss nor answer theological questions in the Post. We give and answer your other questions. "1st. What language is considered too hardest to learn, Latin or Greek? 2d. Why is the bottom of a pot containing boiling water not hot enough to burn as long as the water boils? 3d. Why does the Bible not mention when Cain was married? 4th. Is boiling sap does any part of the saccharine particles pass off with the steam? 5th. Please explain why sap flows with renewed vigor immediately after a freeze and a thaw? 6th. What causes it to descend in the fall of the year?" 1st. Greek is considered the most difficult to acquire. 2d. It causes there is such a continuous passage of heat to the surface of the liquid as to prevent an increase of temperature. 3d. The Bible does not pretend to be a complete record of the events transpiring during the period of time it covers. 4th. A small percentage is lost in that way. 5th. The forces of life under the quickening influences of the sunlight are roused into activity. It is not the cold but the warmth that is so potent in producing this effect. 6th. We do not know—perhaps the contraction caused by the cold.

Parsimonious, (Burling Centre, Va.,) asks: "1st. What is the etymology of the word minister? I have heard it said that it in reality means an inferior person. 2d. Who was the author of the expression, 'A sadder and wiser man?'" 1st. The word minister according to its derivation does mean an inferior, in opposition to magister, a superior. One is connected with the Latin word minus, and the other with magis. Christ says: "Whosoever will be great among you; let him be your minister." Here the antithesis is well preserved. The minister of a church is the man who serves the parish or congregation; and the minister of the crown is the sovereign's servant. 2d. S. T. Coleridge. It occurs in the last stanza of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—

"He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn."

Statute, (Philadelphia,) writes us as follows in relation to a query we recently asked in the Post: "The plaintiff and defendant (in civil suits) can testify in their own behalf. The same right is extended to the defendant in any criminal action, with the exception of perjury and forgery." We are obliged to our correspondent for the information given.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]